

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1913.

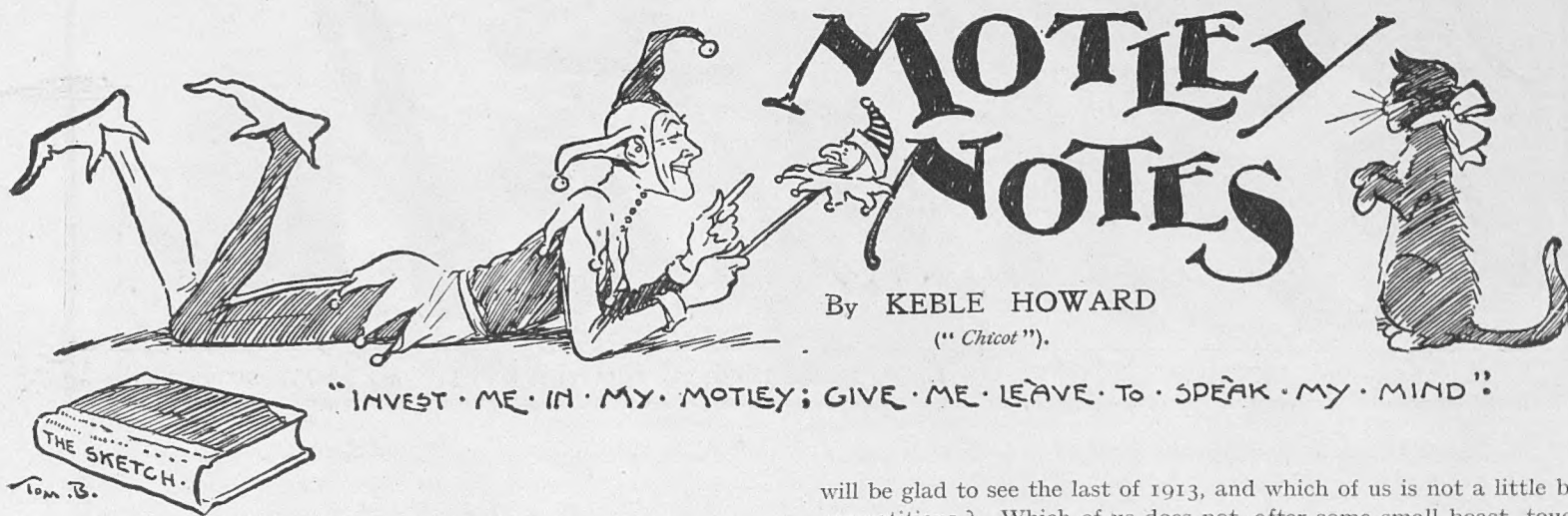
SIXPENCE.



A PANTO TANGO REHEARSAL: THE DUKE OF MONTE-BLANCO (MR. GEORGE GRAVES) PUT THROUGH HIS PACES BY THE BALLET-MISTRESS, AT DRURY LANE.

Mr. George Graves, who takes the part of the Duke of Monte Blanco in "The Sleeping Beauty Re-awakened," the new pantomime at Drury Lane, has a Tango scene of which, needless to say, he makes the most. Our photograph shows him

rehearsing the steps of the dance with the ballet-mistress at Drury Lane, who taught him. Other photographs of this "panto" Tango rehearsal appear elsewhere in this Number.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



Some New Year Resolutions.

FOR A POLITICIAN.—To get out of the bad habit of persistently placing the interests of my country before my own.

FOR A SHY ACTOR.—To steel myself to accord an occasional interview to representatives of the Press.

FOR AN ACTRESS.—To delete from my contracts the clause stipulating that my understudy shall be allowed to play my part at least once a week.

FOR A PARLOURMAID.—To endeavour to bear myself with more hauteur, and to try to believe that I am just as good as, if not a bit better than, the mistress.

FOR A NOVELIST.—To touch for a moment, however lightly, on the hitherto neglected subject of sex.

FOR A FINANCIER.—Not to let sentiment get the upper hand of my really considerable talent for making a bargain.

FOR A NUT.—To press my suit.

FOR A DANCER.—To overcome my passion for reticence, and let the public see a little more of me.

FOR A GARDENER.—To spend more time in earnest contemplation of the beauties of Nature (assisted by myself).

FOR A POET.—To ransack my own works for new and unsuspected flashes of genius.

Some New Year Quotations.

FOR A DRAMATIC CRITIC.—“Woodman, spare that tree!”

FOR A SUFFRAGETTE.—

“Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale!”

FOR A TURKEY.—“Fat, fair, and forty.”

FOR AN ORATOR.—

“Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.”

FOR THE FOLKESTONE TOWN COUNCIL.—

“The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the leas.”

FOR A BURGLAR.—“Was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.”

FOR JIM LARKIN.—“Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!”

FOR MY TAILOR.—“Let me take you a button-hole lower.”

FOR A LAZY CHAUFFEUR.—“The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.”

FOR A NEWSBOY.—“Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west.”

FOR “CHICOT.”—

“Here’s a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky’s above me,
Here’s a heart for every fate.”

1913.

And so, at last, friend the reader, the time has come to say good-bye to 1913. What shall we say of him? That he was a year of ill omen merely because the number “13” formed the tail of him? Well, the superstitious

will be glad to see the last of 1913, and which of us is not a little bit superstitious? Which of us does not, after some small boast, touch wood? For my own part, I freely confess that I am now an inveterate wood-toucher. Why not? It is so easy to do, and certainly brings comfort to the soul. Which of us does not, after spilling the salt, throw a tiny pinch over his left shoulder? That, too, is easy. Which of us does not wish as he walks under a ladder? The truth is that we do the easy things and take our chance with the more difficult ones. We do not put off a journey because the day happens to be Friday, for instance, although we might avoid trimming our finger-nails on that day.

Anyway, it is good to know that the great bulk of mankind, being superstitious without shame, is eagerly looking forward to 1914. The coming year should be a splendid year. Add the figures together, and you will find that they make fifteen, which is divisible by 3. And we all know the luck that a 3 brings with it. (Touch wood.)

1914.

And what of 1914? Does it not thrill you, friend the reader, to think that you know nothing of what is going to happen to you in 1914? How foolish are those who try to peer into the future! How dull would the prospect of 1914 appear if we knew beforehand just what the year would bring us of good or ill, of fortune or misfortune, of health or sickness, of success or failure! But we do not know, and therein lies the whole adventure. The spice of life lies in looking forward. There is, I admit, a certain pleasure in looking back over the paths that we have trodden, but it is a chastened pleasure at the best, a pleasure tinged with more than a little melancholy. But when we look forward, and wonder what we are to find round the next bend in the road, then the journey becomes one long excitement! There may be disaster round the corner; if there is, we must meet it bravely, and find joy in acquitting ourselves well. On the other hand, there may be undreamed-of delights, for life is full of possibilities, even though it is sometimes hard to believe in their existence.

Forward, then, friend the reader. May the best of luck attend you during 1914!

On Luck.

Is there such an element in life as luck? That will always be a matter of opinion. The successful man will tell you that there is not—that nothing comes to a man but as the result of his own endeavour. The unsuccessful man, on the other hand, will doggedly maintain that the whole game is a matter of luck—that, strive as he may, he can do nothing against the bad luck that always waits on his best efforts. As usual, of course, both these extreme views are wrong. It is true that the man who relies on his own endeavours is more likely to achieve success than the man who relies on luck, but to rule the element of luck right out of life would be to make life but a dull business. Surely there is luck from the very moment of birth. The cleverest and the most energetic man cannot control the circumstances of his birth. He may, in part, rise superior to those circumstances, but he can never do so altogether. “Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?”

No; the man who boasts that he is wholly self-reliant is a man without a sense of humour. He does not see the world as it is, and he does not realise what a tiny little speck he is in the vast scheme of the universe. A speck endowed with a mind and muscles might move itself hither and thither a little, and even create admiration for itself among the other specks, but the first real puff of wind makes those efforts seem very puny and ridiculous.

SCISSORS — AND CHASTE: SOME PANTO TANGO TANGLES.



ARGENTINES EASY: MR. GEORGE GRAVES GETS A FEW TANGO TIPS FOR "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED," AT DRURY LANE.

As mentioned on our front page, Mr. George Graves, who is the Duke of Monte Blanco in "The Sleeping Beauty Re-awakened," at Drury Lane, learnt the steps of the Tango, for the purposes of his part, from the ballet-mistress at the theatre. The above photographs show the lessons in progress. It may be recalled, by the way,

that last year's pantomime at Drury Lane was "The Sleeping Beauty," and in the title of this year's production the emphasis is on the "Re-awakened." It is "The Sleeping Beauty Re-awakened" in more senses than one—that is, not a repetition of last year's show, but a fresh version, full of new songs, dances, and funniments.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

JUST THINK IF YOU HAD HAD TO LEARN THIS!



FAR MORE DIFFICULT EVEN THAN THE DANCE IN ITS USUAL FORM! TANGOING ON ROLLER-SKATES.

It will not be denied that the Tango is by no means an easy dance to learn, even though its very many steps be much reduced in number for ball-room purposes. You may take heart, however, at the thought that the Tango on roller-skates is even more difficult! This form of the dance is here shown, at the Holland Park Hall Rink, by Mrs. Phillips Roberts and Mr. S. H. Easton.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

TANGOING—OF COURSE: THE CRAZE-DANCE, AT DALY'S.



FOLLOWING THE FASHION IN "THE MARRIAGE MARKET": MISS GERTIE MILLAR AND MR. RAYMOND LAUZERTE GIVING THE TANGO.

A musical comedy as up to date as "The Marriage Market" cannot be expected to go along without the Tango: hence the introduction of that craze-dance at Daly's. Needless to say, as rendered by Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. Raymond Lauzerte, the measure gains much applause.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME seems to have deserted the serious vein, if "Robina in Search of a Husband" is not, in fact, an early work kept in stock to mature. It is not safe to keep plays in stock to mature, for when produced they are apt to seem a little shop-soiled or moss-grown. "Robina" is rather moss-grown—partly, perhaps, because it is not a play that rolls rapidly: farces ought to be sprinters, but "Robina" tries to amble. It is very complicated with its criss-cross of three couples: one might describe it as the tale of three women, A, B, and C, and three men, X, Y, and Z, incidentally suggesting that A sets her curls at X, Y, and Z. There are lively farcical moments, particularly in the fourth act; yet four acts are one too many for such a slight intrigue. And A pretends to be B, and B pretends to be A, and nobody resembles a human creature; and the critic rubs his eyes and asks himself whether such things can be, and whether he is really at the Vaudeville Theatre under the severe management of Mr. Norman McKinnel and Mr. Frederick Whelen: then he looks at the programme and finds that he is, and then he waits for "Great Catherine," in order to see something really clever and entertaining. Robina herself is acted with skill and energy by Miss Rowena Jerome, who nevertheless needs severe stage-management or she will not give us the full benefit for noteworthy natural gifts. Mr. Richard Evans was rather amusing as a kind of Lord Byronic solicitor, though I think the Discipline Committee of the Law Society would say something about his costume. On the other hand, Mr. Edmund Breon wore a delightfully comic American travelling-suit, and played very well; and Mr. Harold Chapin acted agreeably.

"Mary Goes First" now goes a great deal better than at first, and she has passed her hundredth performance. Thanks to brisker acting, to the charm and skill of Miss Marie Tempest, and, of course, to the clever writing of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, she earns abundance of laughter. Consequently, the light comedy at the Playhouse may be considered one of the successes of this dolorous season.

"The Death of Tintagiles" really ought to be acted in French or Englished by a poet, for there are stiff phrases and jarring words in the present version. Notwithstanding this, the performance at the St. James's was very moving and impressive. The mysterious, sad play has great charm, and the setting contrived by Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Charles Reckitts, who has designed the costumes, is quite beautiful; nor can one forget the snatches of strange, mystical music by Mr. Vaughan Williams, which greatly enhance the effect. Miss McCarthy's performance as Ygraine was very fine, despite a tendency occasionally to be melodramatic. Little Miss Odette Goimbault acted very cleverly in the name-part. There is no need to talk about "The Silver Box," which completed the programme at the St. James's: it is brilliantly presented, particular in the case of Mrs. Jones, rendered quite finely by Miss Irene Rooke. I ought also to notice the fact that Miss Esmé Beringer appeared in the play for the first time, and gave a very clever picture of Mrs. Barthwick.

"Who's Who"—that indispensable private secretary, ever at hand and ever ready with the desired information—grows more useful every year. With the new edition for 1914, it attains its sixty-sixth year. It has not this time, so to speak, put on flesh: it remains in bulk and avordupois precisely the same as the last issue, just a convenient size for handy reference, in spite of the fact that the number of biographies is continually increasing. A very handy companion volume is the "Who's Who Year-Book," which is well worth the extra shilling. Both are published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Messrs. A. and C. Black send us the new editions for 1914 of two useful books of reference—"The Englishwoman's Year-Book" (2s. 6d. net), and "The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book" (1s. net). The former gives information on all matters in which women are interested—careers, politics, philanthropy, sport, and so on. It is a volume that every busy woman must need. The other little book is extremely useful to all who write or draw for the Press, telling briefly the requirements of the various papers and periodicals.

"Debrett's Peerage" has still further increased its usefulness, in the new edition for 1914, by giving particulars as to the issue of knights—information not hitherto available. The publishers, Messrs. Dean and Son, have not, however, increased the price, which remains at 31s. 6d. net. They mention some interesting statistics regarding "Debrett." Its 2700 pages are set out in over 12,000,000 type-characters weighing nearly ten tons, and comprise several million facts.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 15s. net), of which the new 1914 edition is now out, is a very handy book of reference, owing to its single alphabetical arrangement. It contains particulars about all those who hold any definite rank or position in Society, Members of Parliament, the holders of the higher appointments in the Services, the Church, or the legal world, presidents of learned societies, and the principal landowners.



OLD CLUBS REJUVENATED: POLO IN SPAIN EN ROUTE FOR U.S.A.: LIGHTS-OUT GRIEVANCES.

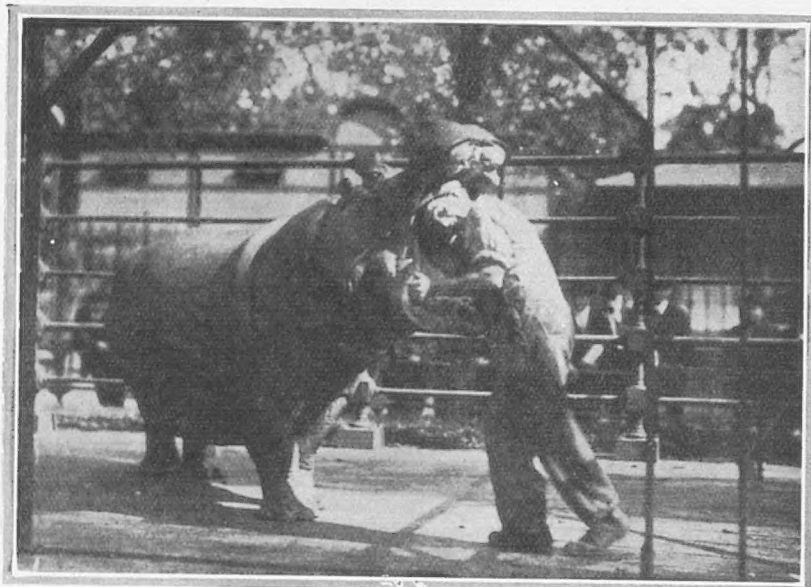
The Year in Clubland.

On the last day of the year the thoughts of the Clubman naturally enough turn backward, instead of forward, in a review of the twelve months that have passed, and of the changes and events in Clubland during 1913. The most important change, perhaps, has been the movement towards rejuvenation by many of the older clubs. No club nowadays can stand on its dignity and refuse to move with the times, for even the longest "waiting list" is often deceptive. Youngsters whose names have been put down for some very august caravanserai are not content to wait patiently for a decade or more before they become clubmen, but join some younger club which has

but only after a splendid struggle in which honours were fairly divided. In the coming year, Great Britain is once more going to attempt to win back the Cup, and in order that our team shall have plenty of practice, Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, at the King of Spain's invitation, is going to take his men and ponies to Madrid, where polo is possible as early in the year as February. Though polo in England begins at Rugby some time before the grounds at Hurlingham and Ranelagh and Roehampton become playable, the teams we have sent to America have never had quite sufficient practice before sailing. The King of Spain is an enthusiastic polo-player, and he looks forward with the keenest anticipation to taking part in the practice-games against the Englishmen. The Queen of Spain will feel that she is helping the country of her birth in offering hospitality to the British polo-players.

The Summer Clubs.

It was America, at the Chicago Exhibition, that first taught Great Britain how to organise pleasant dining-clubs at the summer out-of-doors shows. Last summer there were fewer of these clubs open than usual, for there was no exhibition at the White City, and the Garden Club-house at Shepherd's Bush was closed. The Welcome Club at Earl's Court drew to itself a very large number of visitors, for Mr. F. H. Payne, who was President of the Earl's Court Company during the year, determined that the reproach usually levelled against clubs at exhibitions—that they never cater quite successfully for their members—should be removed. He brought his persistent energy to bear on this problem—for it is a really difficult problem, because such clubs are far from their bases of supply—and the dinners at the Welcome Club were certainly better cooked and better served than in past years. A fire which at the



WITH HIS HEAD IN THE MOUTH OF CALIPH'S SON! A KEEPER WITH HIS "PERFORMING" HIPPOPOTAMUS.

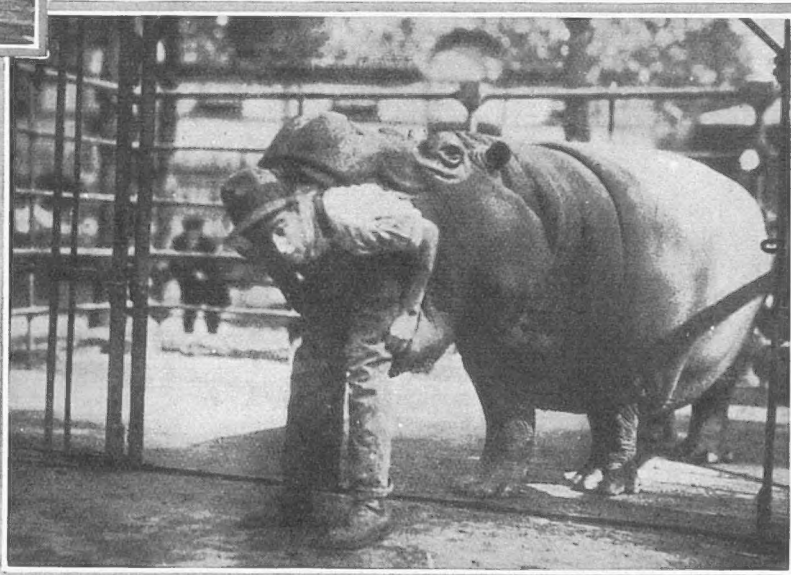
no very long list of members. When at last the very august club elects them, they remember that they are very comfortable where they are, think of the big entrance-fee they will have to pay, and, unless the older club can offer them something more attractive than the honour of putting its name on their visiting-cards, they refuse to take up their election.

The Unbending of the Carlton.

The first signs of the unbending of the older clubs came, I think, when the Athenæum recognised that smoking tobacco was not a sin against society, and when it added a top storey to its classic building, so as to give its members conveniences other younger clubs possessed. The Athenæum's foster-brother across the way, the United Service Club, which had already changed its rule that only Field officers and their equivalent in the Navy could become members, went further on the road to new youth when it took in the site of two houses next door and rebuilt them, making some new public rooms on the ground-floor and arranging bedrooms for its members. And this year the Carlton, the proudest old aristocrat of all the clubs, has so far recognised that times have changed that it has altered some of its rules and modernised some of its customs—though it does not yet give ladies the run of the club-house, nor does it organise cabaret suppers and Tango competitions for Saturday evenings. The club-house this year has been given a more than usually searching wash and brush-up, and though the club has not become young, it may be said to have achieved middle-age once more. Other clubs are likely in 1914 to copy these examples. The Junior, in Charles Street, is going to follow the lead of the senior, and close for three months while alterations are made; and the members of "The Rag" have, I believe, approved a scheme of important additions to their club-house.

Hurlingham and America.

Last summer the name of Hurlingham, the great Polo Club at Fulham, was in all men's mouths, for it was in the name of Hurlingham that Great Britain sent to America her team of polo-players to try to wrest from our cousins the International Cup. We were defeated,



SITTING IN THE MOUTH OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS: AN AMUSING "STUNT" BY A KEEPER IN THE CENTRAL PARK "ZOO," NEW YORK.

Our photographs show two "stunts" performed by a keeper in the Central Park "Zoo," New York, with the aid of the great hippopotamus here shown, which is his special care. The "hippo" in question is the son of the famous Caliph, the largest animal of its kind in the world, which was captured on the banks of the Nile when a baby, and lived in Central Park for some thirty years.—[Photographs by Fleet.]

beginning of the season burned away the roof of the kitchen of the Welcome Club only meant to Mr. Payne a hindrance to be overcome.

The Skating and Late-to-Bed Clubs.

This winter has brought with it a revival of roller-skating, and there are more Sunday Clubs for this sport than there have been of late years. It has also seen an up-springing of late-to-bed clubs which have come into existence because theatre-goers find that at the public restaurants they have to hurry over their suppers. The laws of the country put out the lights so soon after the closing of the theatres that a leisurely meal is an impossibility. If the revolt of theatre-goers, of which the multiplication of these clubs is a symptom, persuades our legislators to give the eating-places and restaurants a half-hour of grace, a real grievance will be removed.

BY I. T.; OTHERWISE SIR HERBERT'S SECOND DAUGHTER



BY MISS IRIS BEERBOHM TREE: ORIGINAL FASHION-SKETCHES.

Here we have Miss Iris Tree, the second of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's three daughters, as creator of costume. These fashion-sketches of hers are quite typical of her work in that direction.

A QUEEN OF BEAUTY AND A FAMED SOCIETY LEADER.

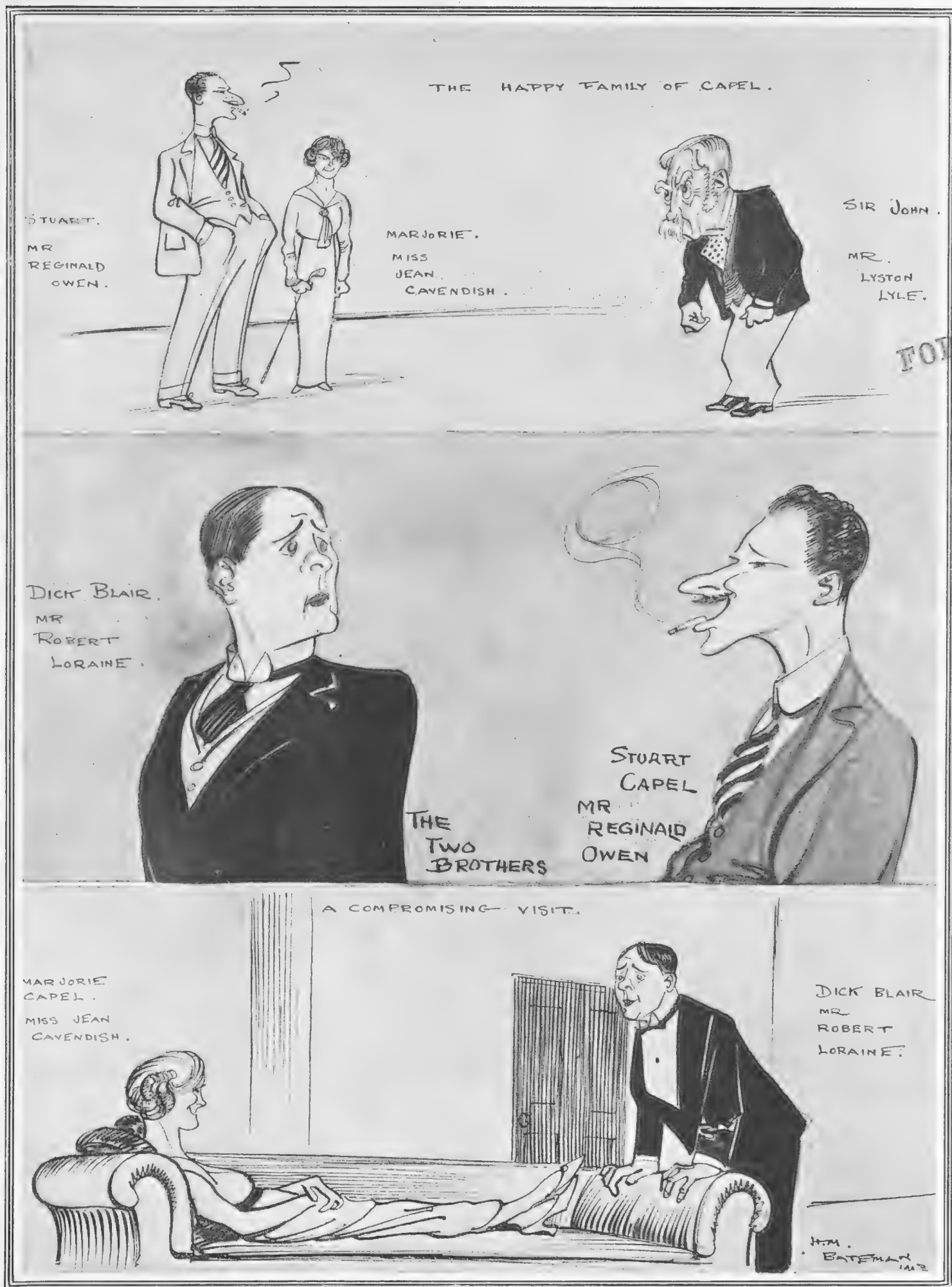


WITH HER SON: VISCOUNTESS CURZON, WIFE OF EARL HOWE'S ONLY SON.

Viscount Curzon, who was born on May 1, 1884, and is the only son of Earl Howe, married his cousin Mary, only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, in 1907. There are two children of the wedding: the Hon. Edward Richard Assheton Penn Curzon-Howe, who was born in 1908, and the

Hon. Georgiana Mary Curzon-Howe, who was born in 1910. The Edward in the boy's name comes from the fact that King Edward VII. stood sponsor for him at his christening. The girl's names obviously owe their use to the names of the King and Queen.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "A PLACE IN THE SUN."



IN THE PLAY OF THE COMPROMISE: A BRACE OF BROTHERS AND A BRACE OF SISTERS

"A Place in the Sun," a decidedly interesting play, by Mr. Cyril Harcourt, is running at the Comedy Theatre.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

EXACTLY twenty years ago the Duke of Bedford came into the title and forty-two thousand acres, saw his colourless portraits in the papers, read the tame paragraphs, received the congratulations of his friends, answered most of them, and then sought such obscurity as a dukedom allows. It was neither the inheriting nor holding of forty-two thousand acres that made him famous, but the selling of about nineteen!

The Man of the Street. He has become, quite frankly, a pessimist in regard to English securities. Like the late Duke of Sutherland's, his policy has been to unload. Sir Henry Spelman would have told him long ago that alienated Church property (such as Covent—that is, Covent-Garden) would never bring joy to its lay holders; and Spelman would have gone on to warn Mr. Mallaby-Deeley that he has made a deal in malisons. In any case, the Duke's name remains on the map of London; Bedford Street is still Bedford Street, whoever owns it. Pall Mallaby may, of course, be the name given to the new road that must some day run north and south through the tangle of the Covent Garden district; but all the Bedfords, Tavistocks, Woburns, and Russells are left to commemorate the family ownership. The street names are the last things threatened by Mr. Lloyd George; nor can the private considerations efface in a hurry the title that clings to city stones. Thus even the late King was content to live in Marlborough House at a time when he was at feud with the family that gave it its name.

Landlord v. Townlord. Under fifty-six, and virile, the Duke flies the colour of the countryside in his cheek. He seems to belong to a clan whose "old, old men have rosy faces" rather than to the family that produced Lord John Russell—"the scarab" of Disraeli's extraordinarily lifelike, or death-like, phrase. With property much too big for one man's overseeing, or comprehension, he has chosen to give his time to his agricultural acres; and he has invariably proved himself, in that sphere, a liberal and sympathetic landlord. When he gives up a slice of London it is because he has brains enough—"He has more brains than all the other Dukes together," says a friend who has penetrated the reserve natural to him—it is because he has enough brains to know that its affairs are beyond him.

The Curate or the Cobra. "The only Duchess who has been to school," says the Duke of his wife. The "Whitechapel Countess" was hardly more remarkable than this Cheltenham



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Duchess. A daughter of Archdeacon Tribe, her Grace was never shut into the close atmosphere of private upbringing; and since her father's ecclesiastical career was passed mostly in India, she knows less about the quiet rural deaneries of England than she does of the jungle. Though she is no scoffer at the cloth, she has been attracted by the world of wild beasts rather than by the world of curates.

"The Best Gunwoman in England."

Woburn has its menagerie. Many of the animals that have their liberty round and about her house are such as most people prefer to see stuffed or in cages. Although she is a keen sportswoman, she has never confined her attention to the fowl or fish that is interesting only when it falls to a gun or takes a bait. Her love of natural history is greatest when the history is most natural—when, that is, it can be studied from the life. When she goes shooting, she does so with the knowledge that her methods are workmanlike. Realising that a wild animal will doubtless come sooner or later to a violent end, and that the end prepared for it by Nature is probably more terrible than that prepared by man, she counts it no cruelty to kill. She kills her birds without, as she says, "hurting them"; and it follows that she has a horror of those inefficient ladies who wound more birds than they despatch.



THE VENDOR IN THE GREAT COVENT GARDEN ESTATE DEAL: THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

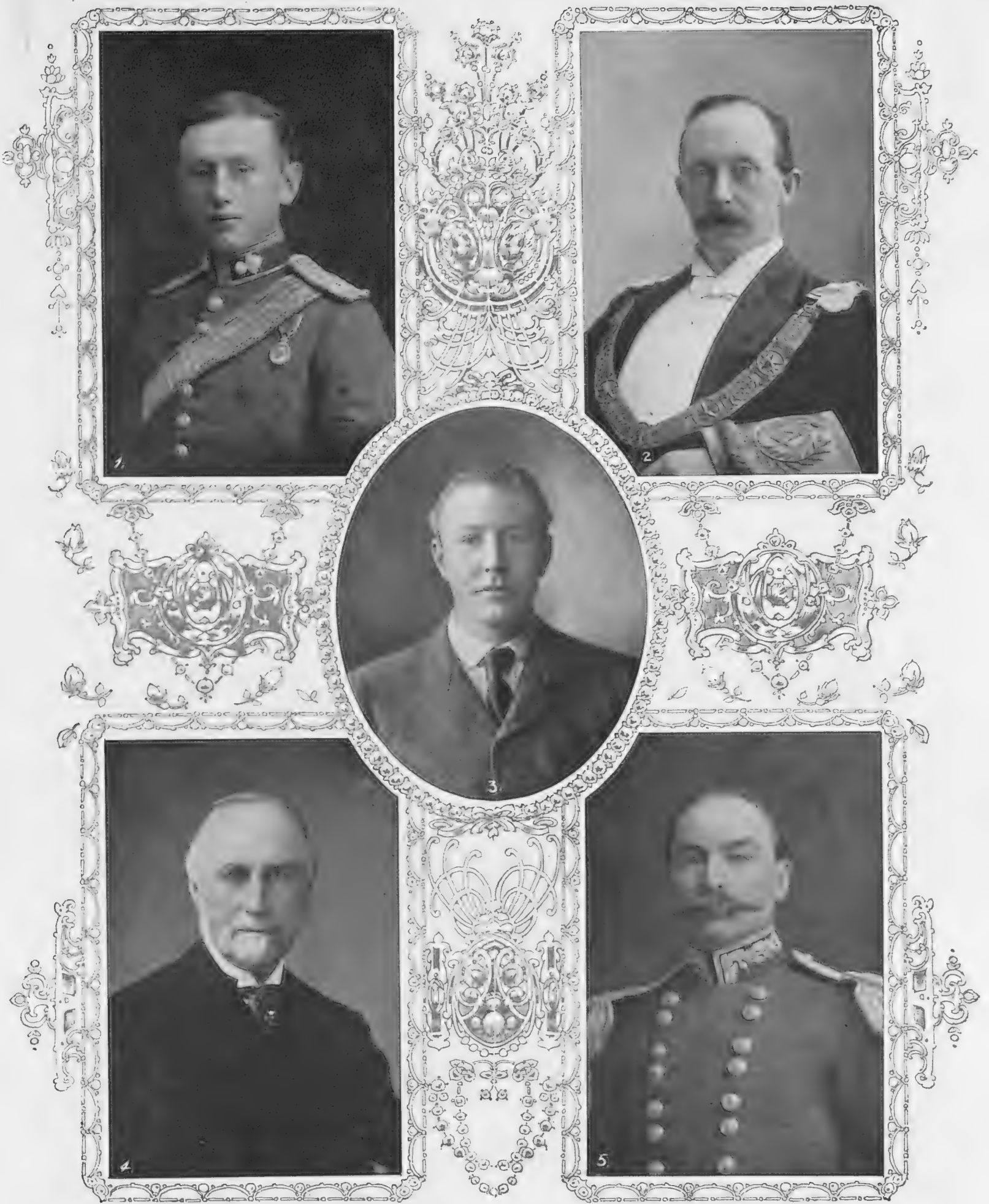
Herbrand Arthur Russell, eleventh Duke of Bedford, of a creation dating from 1694, was born on Feb. 19, 1858. He is a son of the ninth Duke, and succeeded his brother, the tenth Duke, in 1893. After leaving Balliol he became a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and subsequently Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, and Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment. He served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 and from 1884 to 1888 was A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin. He is chairman of the Bedfordshire County Council, a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County, and Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex. In 1900 he was elected the first Mayor of Holborn. In 1888 he married Mary Du Caurroy, daughter of the Ven. W. H. Tribe, formerly Archdeacon of Lahore, and has one son, the Marquess of Tavistock.

Photograph by C.N.

Sportswomen or Butchers?

She does more than set a good example; she lectures her erring sisters. "Remember you are sportswomen, not butchers," she has said to the guns who fire away in the coverts with all their thoughts and more than half an eye on the bag. She herself has accounted for over 3000 head of game in one season; but the record that pleases her best is that of a much smaller mixed bag secured through every cartridge having killed. Her skill with the rod is no less remarkable. She has landed eighteen salmon, weighing in all 260 lb., in one day's fishing on the Tay. With her coat slung by a belt on one side, and her camera on another, she has explored all Bedfordshire and half-a-dozen other counties in search of the hedge-row adventures that please her more than any that befall in cities. In a sense, her husband's ownership of Covent Garden was appropriate enough. It often happened that he, as a landlord very solicitous for the welfare of market-gardeners, and she, as a devoted horticulturist, often found themselves much better acquainted with the prices at the market than with the programme at the Opera round the corner.

ANY OTHER DEAL(Y)S? LONDON GROUND LANDLORDS.



1. OWNER OF OVER 960 ACRES IN THE COUNTY OF LONDON: THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS.

2. OWNER OF OVER 320 ACRES IN THE COUNTY OF LONDON: THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

3. OWNER OF OVER 480 ACRES: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

4. OWNER OF OVER 1280 ACRES: THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK.

5. OWNER OF OVER 960 ACRES: SIR SPENCER MARYON-WILSON, Bt.

In view of the recent changes in the ownership of the Covent Garden Estate of the Duke of Bedford, it is interesting to note that at a London County Council meeting of a few months ago a list was given of the largest ground landlords in the County of London, which has an area of 116 square miles. The figures stated were as follows:—Over 1280 acres: Lord Northbrook (Eltham and Dulwich College); over 960 acres each: Lord St. Germans (Blackheath); Mr. H. W.

Forster (Lewisham); Mr. H. T. B. Barron (Plumstead); and Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson (Hampstead and Charlton); over 480 acres: the Duke of Westminster (Pimlico); over 320 acres each: Lord Dartmouth (St. Pancras and Lewisham); the Prudential Assurance Company (various districts); the Mercers' Company (various districts); and Magdalen College, Oxford (Wandsworth). The total number of owners out of a population, in 1911, of 4,522,000, was given as 38,200.

Photographs by Lafayette, Whitlock, Chidley, and Dickenson



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

N OBODY'S Christmas holidays have been more strictly limited than the King's, and the week that preceded them held some almost record runs of work. On one single day his Majesty, after an early-morning outing, held a council at eleven, followed directly by the swearing-in of Sir Walter Phillimore and the Lord Advocate for Scotland, the new Privy Councillors. Later, Lord Morley had a private audience, and from that grave personage his Majesty turned for a moment to greet Prince Henry, newly arrived from Eton. The Grand Duke Boris of Russia, whose libel case



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (JAN. 1): MR. LESLIE RUTHVEN PYM AND MISS IRIS ORDE.

The wedding has been arranged to take place on New Year's Day at St. Margaret's, Hopton, near Great Yarmouth. Hopton House is the residence of Mr. Charles Somerville Orde, who is a J.P. for Suffolk.—[Photographs by Bacon and Mattype.]

bells on his black cap has a sensible side to it, after all.

All's Well That Ends Farewell. The delays of the law have been extended

to the tables of the law. The Lord Chief Justice's farewell dinner to members of the Cabinet has not yet been eaten. One postponement after another has carried the date well into 1914. The "L.C.J." is established in his new office; his impressive profile is one of the features of the Courts; but his good-bye speech, though it has probably got into the pencil-note stage, is still to be pronounced.



ENGAGED TO MR. COLIN F. F. CAMPBELL: MISS HELEN MARGARET STEWART.

Miss Stewart is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles J. and Lady Mary Stewart. Her father is the Public Trustee. Her mother is a sister of the Earl of Norbury and the Countess of Caledon.

Photograph by Thomson.

The Cap and Bells. The Judge who neglected the other day to put on the black cap while pronouncing the extreme sentence on a woman convicted of murder followed, in spirit, the example of Mr. Justice Hawkins. "Don't listen to what I'm going to say," said the Hanging Judge in his sternest manner before pronouncing sentence on a prisoner to whom, he knew, a reprieve would in all likelihood be granted. There is real need in such cases for some modification of a horrible formula. Perhaps "Max's" jest about Mr. Justice Darling's wish for

had the day before gone through the Courts, paid his respects a little later; and a vast number of letters were, with the aid of secretaries, both read and answered. All this before the lunch-hour!

A Busy Afternoon. At luncheon, on that self-same day, Queen Amélie, King Manuel, and Donna Augustine visited the King and Queen, and remained to luncheon—an occasion of more than usual significance. It established once more the status at the English Court of an ex-Queen and an ex-King, and, for the first time, of the newly wed wife of an ex-King. In the afternoon their Majesties, with the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary, received the delegates of the International Conference on Saving Life at Sea, and all the delegates were presented to the members of the royal family. The Prime Minister had an audience when other mortals were refreshing themselves with tea; and a great architect and a great sailor both had talk with the King before he settled down, not to rest, but to the business of the evening.

Sarg and Sargent. Two studios, Mr. Sargent's and Mr. Sarg's, have been full during the week. In Tite Street, Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry James was shown to subscribers and friends—in nearly every case synonymous terms. Mr. Sargent was not present, but Mr. Henry James was there for a time on the first and most intimate of the two show-days. His great anxiety, in the absence of an official host, seemed to be to persuade Mr. Sargent's visitors to stand at a proper distance from the canvas. "It's a twelve-foot picture," he explained, meaning that nobody should try to get on closer terms. Not merely his good offices as an impromptu policeman barring the way, but his very presence served to prove the admirable nature of the likeness.

Poster-Impressionism.

The other studio-gathering was less consequential, but not less picturesque, for Mr. Tony Sarg's small dance was attended by many people who had rehearsed their steps and dresses at the Arabian



ENGAGED TO MISS HELEN MARGARET STEWART: MR. COLIN F. F. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell, of the Scots Guards, is the only son of Major-General F. Lorn Campbell, late of the Scots Guards, and grandson of the late Rear-Admiral F. A. Campbell. They belong to the Melfort Campbells, of Argyllshire.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (DEC. 31) AT BAMBOROUGH, NORTHUMBERLAND: MR. FRANCIS HUGH BEAUFORT AND MISS CHARLOTTE G. F. HOPE.

Photographs by Swaine.

Nights' Ball. It is impossible to crowd the romances of a thousand-and-one evenings into a single performance, and the second gathering witnessed several little incidents not enacted at the first. The four police-sergeants who arrived in the middle of the festivities to arrest the host for complicity in the theft of "Monna Lisa" deceived Mr. Sarg himself for a couple of minutes. The gaiety of the whole scene reminded one of the famous Sarg poster in the Underground. It is hardly necessary to recall the fact that Mr. Sarg is a favourite "Sketch" artist.

AN ALL-ROUND SPORT.



BODGER (after a convivial evening): Shay, Conshtable—what timesha match shupposed to shtart?

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

THAT vast, insensate, sometimes amusing but always cruel machine for separating a man from his money which is Paris has one or two new playthings; new booths, new baits. For one thing, it has made over one of its most famous little theatres, the Boite à Fursy in the rue Pigalle. Monsieur Fursy flies to-day at higher game, and where he reigned reigns now Henri Léoni in his stead, and the little box of a playhouse has been re-christened the Théâtre Doré. It has a brave manifesto, amusing, as so many of such manifestoes are, wherever they are put forth, when one compares them with actual achievement. Nothing could be more seductive than its careful phrases. "De l'élégance, du charme, de l'esprit, tel veut être le programme du Théâtre Doré." And as a matter of fact one finds in this "coquette bonbonnière" (as it calls itself) a triple bill: two undistinguished, not unamusing, but thoroughly salacious farces—salacious in the full sense of that much-abused word—and a revue with the usual proportion of wheat and chaff, but so ill thought out that on the night I was there nearly half of the scenes were incontinently dropped for lack of time. "Will you kindly go away now. We have finished," was what in effect was said to the audience. It went; it didn't even ask for its money back. It was a French audience, smart and food for scandal. After all, it didn't matter whether the piece was finished or not. It served as an excuse for being present, for being seen, for seeing, and what more could be wished? Henri Léoni would seem to have, very fully developed, a contempt for his public, and who shall blame him? He can produce his amusements in a little box not much larger than an average drawing-room, and he can ask fifteen francs for a seat on the ground that it is still one of the first performances, and he can fill the house. In fact, he can get away with it, as the Americans say, and for that ability one must have some respect. Moreover, he can sing.

The Théâtre Doré is well served by its company. One wishes one could say that the company was well served by the programme. Tréville is a host in himself, too talented, too careful an actor for such stuff; Irène Bordoni has all the spirit of the boulevard, all the charm of the Parisienne of her kind—as a French "nut" she looks adorably boyish; Gaby Boissy has enough

allure and temperament to fill an English theatre twice over. Altogether perhaps the show will serve as well as another for an evening's entertainment. It

certainly holds two good, and respectable, jokes. The Tango professor is asked whether he has always been a dancing-master. "Mais non," he explains—he had been a professor of mathematics. Losing his job, he took naturally to a kindred science, in which exact and alert calculation is every bit as essential. In another scene of the revue a woman beautifully dressed in the mode of yesterday, although Parisian from the hair of her head to the toes of her feet, is introduced as a veritable Persian to a Parisienne of to-day who is truly unmistakably Persian in every outward sign. But whether, even with these attractions, the rue Pigalle "*deviendra vite, petit monde aristocratique dans la Capitale du Monde, la rue de la Paix de Montmartre*" seems to me doubtful.

At some hour subsequent to your quitting the theatre your companions, however reluctant you may be or seem, however keen on going home to bed, will insist on your leaving your noisy, uncomfortable supper and going on to some other haunt of gaiety. You must yield with a good grace, and, yielding, you will hardly at this moment do better than suggest La Feria, in the rue Fontaine, which is very crowded, not very smart, not much discovered by English-speaking tourists, but where they do dance and where they have on the tiny stage a troupe of Spanish gipsies, dancers and musicians, who really have something new to show the Northerner in the way of Spanish dancing. Their flavour is that of the country rather than of the town. They are delicious in the bucolic unconventionality of their clothes, their gestures, their movements. They have energy, fire. After having watched the slow sinuous grace of the Tango, to see these rustics bounding to and fro is to have seen the two extremes of Southern dancing.

How long these energetic rites continue I cannot from experience say, but in this world the Frenchman and his guests seem untiring. One knows of other restaurants which are hardly alive until four o'clock in the morning, and now one hears of yet another which becomes amusing at about seven.

Personally I hold that the wildest orgy should begin not later than five in the afternoon and finish by ten. Whatever happens, let us insist on our eight hours' sleep, and do not let us miss the fresh hours of the

Parisian morning. But I fear the leopard cannot change its spots, nor the Parisienne her habits. But why won't she go to bed?



WITH THE LIMERICK: MR. GODFREY NIGEL E. BARING, THE MASTER; THE HON. MRS. BARING; AND THEIR LITTLE GIRLS.

Mrs. Baring is the only daughter of Lord Fermoy. Mr. Baring is a son of the late Mr. Thomas Charles Baring, M.P.

Photograph by Poole.



RIDING ASTRIDE WITH THE WEST NORFOLK: MISS PHYLLIS PARADFIELD (LEFT) AND MISS DOLLY HEWER.

Photograph by C.N.

HATCHED FROM HASSALL "EGGS": POTTERY PEOPLE.



73309 Germany

1. COOK.

2. THE POLICE.

3. A SCOT.

4. A BOY SCOUT.

5. A PIERROT.

6. A SAILOR.

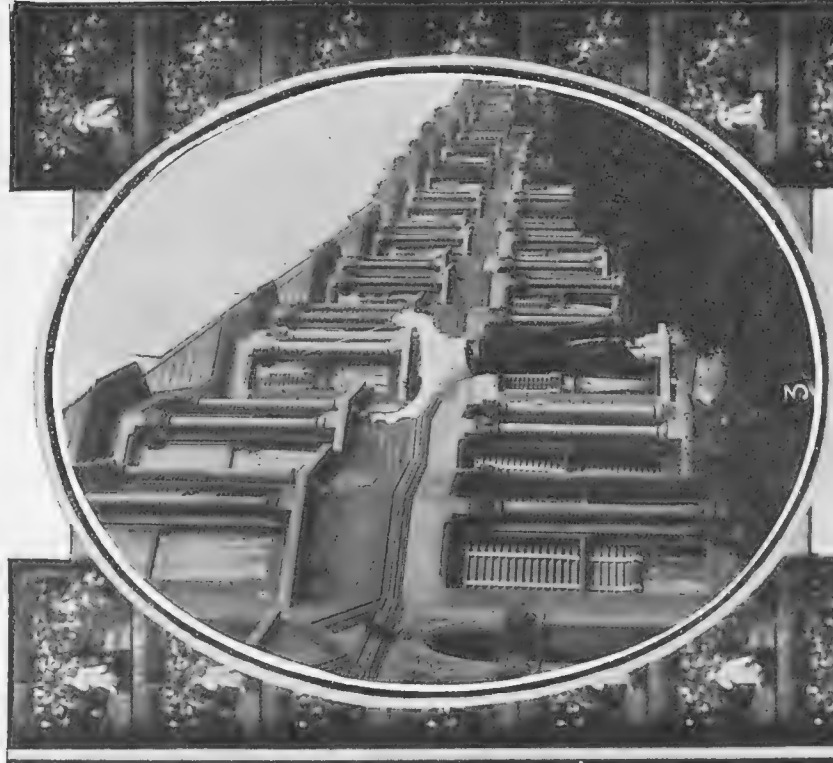
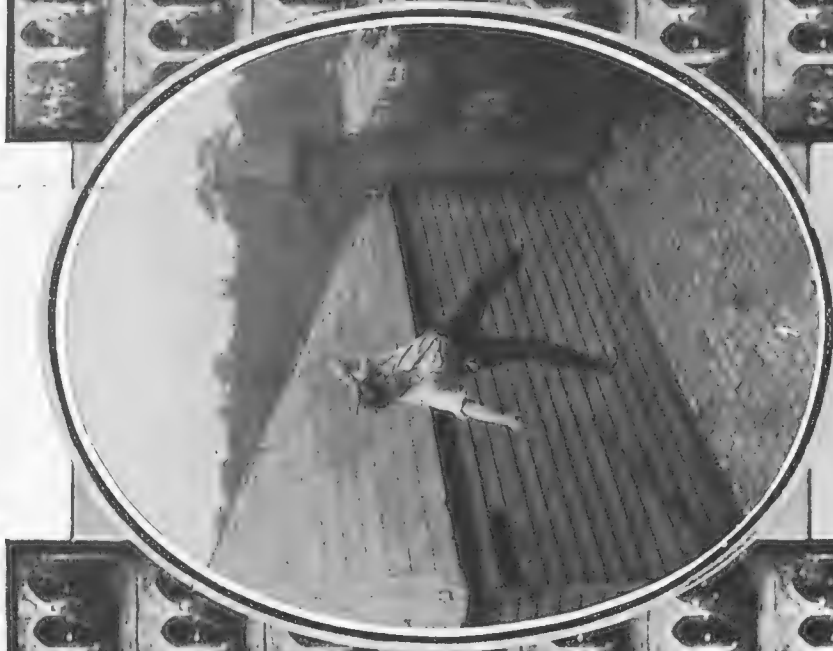
7. A BILLIARD-PLAYER.

8. A GOLFER.

Here are some pottery people, not created by Arnold Bennett, but born of John Hassall designs materialised by Max Edenburg and Co. The heads of the figures are movable, and this, of course, adds to their quaint effects. Christmas has seen a great demand

for them. It may be said that they were hatched from Hassall "eggs"; for Hassall, dining, will frequently make quaint figures from eggs, oranges, or what not.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

FILM FEATS: THE "DERRING DO" OF CINEMATOGRAPH - ACTORS.





1. WALKING A BY-NO-MEANS TIGHT ROPE AT A CONSIDERABLE HEIGHT.
2. DIVING INTO THE THAMES FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.
3. JUMPING FROM A FIRST-FLOOR WINDOW.
4. BEATING OUT THE FLAMES ON A BURNING SHIP.
5. A GIRL SWIMMING IN THE TURBULENT WATERS OF NIAGARA TO RESCUE A CHILD—FOR A FILM.
6. RIDING INTO THE WATER ON A MOTOR-CYCLE.
7. A SHIP SPECIALLY BUILT FOR A FILM-DRAMA AND SUNK: THE VESSEL GOING DOWN, AND "SURVIVORS" LEAVING IT.

We need scarcely remind those of our readers who patronise Picture Theatres—and surely there is not one who does not—that in the making of film-plays not only are much money, ingenuity, and time expended, but many a risk has to be taken by actors, especially those who figure in dramas and melodramas. Such feats as those recorded on this double-page are by no means uncommon. We give them not as unique—excellent as they are—but as examples.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and C.N.]



A HUNTER WHO FIRES ONLY WITH HIS CAMERA: UNDESTRUCTIVE SPORT.*

THERE is a curious tendency, even among educated and travelled people, to believe that sport in Canada is limited, as far as rifle and shot-gun are concerned, to the west, and that the sporting attractions of the east do not extend beyond the rivers. This, of course, is quite wrong, and the mistake has arisen from the extraordinary pace of western development, in the course of which every attraction that exists—and some few others—have been widely advertised. It is safe to say that Ontario, with its tens of thousands of square miles still trackless and unexplored, offers boundless opportunities for sport; and even Newfoundland, with its comparatively moderate area of forty thousand square miles or so—it is slightly smaller than England—has wonderful sporting possibilities, wisely limited by Government. In its wilds dwells the caribou, or reindeer, which has been hunted by man since the Stone Age, is still hunted, and will in the course of time, when Newfoundland is fully developed, call for a new system of protection or suffer extermination.

Making Friends
With the Quarry.

Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore, who has been following the caribou of Newfoundland for some time past, is one of the greatest of living hunters, and there is no lover of wild life who can fail to admire his work, for it is not only accurate in detail, painstaking in method, and vividly described, but the bulk of it is accomplished with no more destructive weapon than the camera. Only a keen lover of animals would be content to endure the privation and the solitude of the wild, and to find the greatest reward in a brief series of successful photographs. This, at least, will be the view of those who feel that a successful shot at the moving target, and the triumph of man over beast, put the necessary crown and finish to the sportsman's labours. Such people can never hope to know the thrill of sheer joy that comes when beast and bird cease to treat the intruder upon their domain as a stranger, when they display a sense of mild curiosity that knows no fear, or, better still, claim the friendship of the visitor. There was a caribou fawn that followed Mr. Dugmore's canoe for half-a-mile or more without showing any concern; and there was a jay that would come and breakfast with him in camp, and, having eaten what it required, would fill its winter storehouses with porridge. Some sportsmen would have killed both bird and beast without compunction, and would thereby have lost much, and gained little or nothing.

The Polygamous Caribou.

Mr. Dugmore's knowledge is founded upon a series of observations made during nine consecutive seasons, and the few gaps in his story are due to the caribou's habit of wandering at certain times of the year into parts of the country

where it is not possible to follow. The caribou fawn is born in forests of spruce and other firs late in June, when the Newfoundland summer begins. The chief enemies of the young, and of those who would study them, are the insect pests. Mating begins with October, and that season which finds the caribou stag in its finest condition is over before the month comes to an end. The stags are polygamous and become masters of herds varying in number from two or three up to a score. Fighting would appear to be the exception rather than the rule. The summer and autumn food consists of leaves, lichen, and mosses, the leaves of the water-lily being much sought after by the caribou. During the winter the herds retire to the highlands, where the wind sometimes sweeps the snow from the ground. Nature has provided the caribou with a very thick coat, and with keen-edged hoofs well calculated to scrape away the snow, but the season is extremely trying, and only the fittest survive. Horns are discarded and the coat whitens.

Game-Laws to
Protect Reindeer.

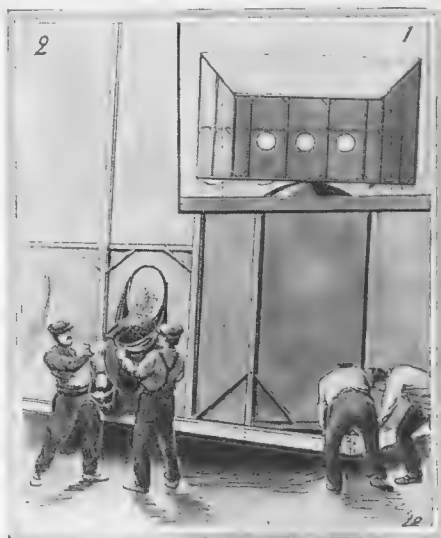
It is at this season that the Newfoundland herds are hunted by the islanders, but, happily, there is a limit to these raids under the Newfoundland game-laws, and while the caribou enjoys protection from Feb. 1 to July 31, and Oct. 1 to 20 in every year, no man is allowed to kill more than three in a season. On taking out a license to do as much as this, the hunter must also take an oath to do no more, and must follow that up at the season's end with a statement setting out what he has killed. It is not permitted under a heavy penalty to put up caribou flesh in tins or cans or commercial packets, to snare or trap the animal, to kill it while it is swimming, or to use anything

but "firearms loaded with ball or bullet." It is worth noting that the caribou is a splendid swimmer and quite as much at home in water as on land. As long as the regulations are enforced and the number of licenses is limited, the reindeer of Newfoundland is not in serious danger. But Mr. Dugmore believes that some species are in peril, and that Stone's caribou (R. Stonei), which is found on the south coast of Alaska, is faced by serious risk of extermination, and he pleads, fairly enough, for a system, under Government support, of taking and preserving photographs of every species of wild animal threatened with extinction.

Camera or
Gun.

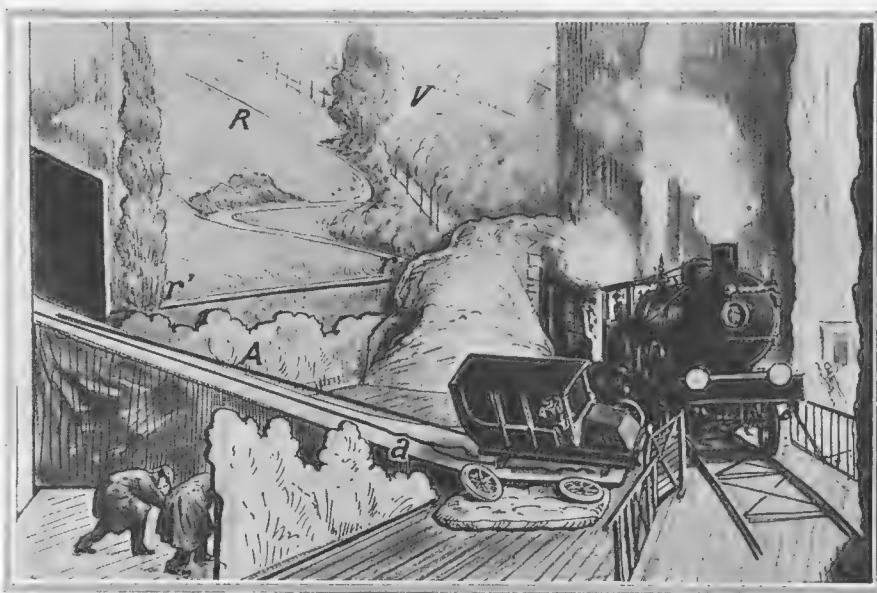
The record of the camera is far more instructive than the multiplication of heads or skeletons, and if we could but make it a serious rival of shot-gun and rifle, the day of our vanishing fauna would be lengthened. Mr. Dugmore holds that the

right to destroy life is limited by the need to procure food, and in writing his book he has performed a far greater public service than any man can by destroying harmless forms of life and telling the thrice-told tale with all possible pomp and circumstance.



HOW A STAGE SHIP IS MADE TO ROLL ON A STAGE SEA: THE WORKING OF AN EXCELLENT ILLUSION.

The floor of the "steamer" rests on the top of a dome, in the manner shown in Diagram 1, and so can be agitated at will. The suggestion of waves breaking against the port-holes is produced by throwing scoopfuls of rice dyed green against the glass.



A MOTOR-CAR AND TRAIN ACCIDENT ON THE STAGE: HOW THE ILLUSION IS PRODUCED.

The scene is a level-crossing close to the mouth of a tunnel. The road "R" and the railway track "V" are painted on the scenery. The audience sees at the end of the road luminous spots representing the motor-cars' lights, and spots of light representing the head-lights of the train. These lights move forward. This effect is produced by the use of electric lamps, shown through transparent lines on the "railway line" and transparent strips on the "road." The lights having approached to sufficient distance, it is necessary to continue the action by getting both train and car on to the stage. The last section of the road from "r" to "r'" is practicable, in that a miniature motor-car with tiny lamps runs along it in a groove. At this moment the train disappears, passing into a tunnel. At the critical moment the stage train and a real car appear on the stage. The motor-car comes along the road "A" and is attached to a cable; the train runs on rails. In the collision the car falls over, is badly shattered, and takes fire. The wheels fall off, thanks to the "pull" of the small cable, "a."

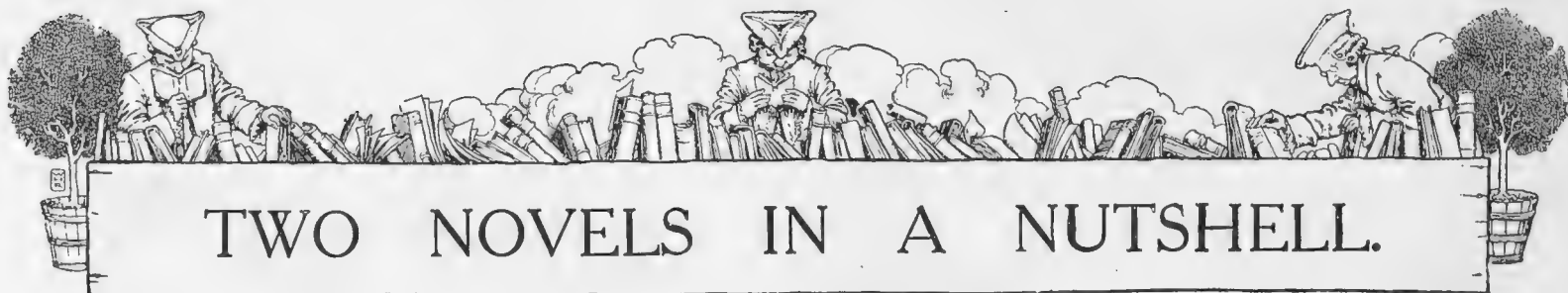
* "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou." By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. (Heinemann; 12s. 6d. net.)

THE HERO.



75971 France
THE DYSEPATIC DINER (who has done himself very well indeed): Waiter, you can bring me another helping of Lobster Americaine; and then ring up Kensington 442042 for my doctor!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



TWO NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY.

BY LEONARD K. UNWIN.

THE Honourable Billy Forestdean emerged, in picturesque déshabille, from the bath-room.

"It's gettin' a bit thick, you know, Letchworth," he observed irritably.

"Yes, Sir," agreed his man respectfully, with a face as expressive as an oak door-post.

"Deuced awkward, too," went on the Honourable Billy as he struggled with a refractory shirt. "I shall have to stop it, or there'll be no end of a beastly mess."

Later, he sat down to breakfast—that is, if a meal consisting of two cups of coffee and an arrowroot biscuit can be graced with such a designation. There were over-night reasons for a conspicuous lack of appetite.

"Letchworth," he exclaimed petulantly, as he threw a freshly lit cigarette away with disgust, "I do wish you'd endeavour to be a little helpful. To whom am I engaged now? I'm dashed if I know," he added helplessly.

"Well, Sir, unless anything happened last night, Sir, it must be Miss Delorme," replied Letchworth, with the air of one a little doubtful as to the latest information.

"Oh, that's all over now, Letchworth," cried the Honourable Billy, irritably pacing the room. "I cancelled that on Tuesday week."

"Then, Sir, I'm afraid something *did* happen last night," ventured Letchworth.

"I'm afraid so, too," groaned the victim; "but I'm hanged if I know. And I used to be so methodical about it at one time," he went on plaintively. "I always made a pencilled note of her name on my shirt-cuff. The habit was as regular as the proposing."

"Was it Miss Carraway, of the Merryanbright Theatre, Sir?" suggested Letchworth tentatively.

The Honourable Billy's face brightened instantly.

"By Jove, I believe it was, Letchworth," he exclaimed excitedly. "Get her number on the 'phone and I'll speak to her."

A few minutes later he was speaking down the telephone to the bright particular star of the Merryanbright Theatre.

"Hello! Is that you, old thing? What? No, I'm rotten. Got a head like an ironclad. Well, look here, kiddie, I s'pose I said something to you last night. I dunno. What—I did? Well, you needn't have a good memory about it, kiddie, there's a dear girl. I'm sending you something with pearls in this afternoon, to help you forget. Understand? No; I shan't be round to-night, thanks. I'm just going away—shooting gazeekas or something," he added vaguely. "Well, bye-bye. Be a good little girl."

He put the receiver on, and collapsed with a melodramatic groan into a chair.

"Phew!" he muttered exhaustedly. "Thank heaven that's over!"

He looked up suddenly, just as a radiant vision in white floated into his room.

"Cynthia," he said feebly, "you come like a ray of sunshine into a cheerless and desolate world."

She stood and gazed at him, scrutinising him disapprovingly for a moment. Billy squirmed.

"You look a perfect wreck, Billy!" she said at last.

"I feel it," groaned Billy pathetically. "I'm completely prostrated. I feel as though I ought to be picked up on the instalment system."

"More big suppers and more proposals, I suppose?" observed Cynthia cuttingly, in a voice of marked disapproval.

"Yes," he admitted sorrowfully. "But it's the last time. It really is," he said earnestly, as Cynthia made a gesture of impatience. "I've just made my peace with Maisie Carraway, and I have sworn a terrible oath that never again shall I transgress or wander along the paths of mild flirtation. I mean it, too."

"But it is developing into a positive habit, Billy," expostulated Cynthia, as she snuggled into a deep armchair on the other side of the fireplace and pointed a slim, accusing finger at him. "It seems to be the only consistent hobby you've got."

"It is now," admitted Billy sorrowfully. "I had a tame tortoise, but I have reason to suspect that Letchworth brutally murdered it one night in a fit of maddened frenzy. At any rate,

it met a violent death, poor thing, at the hands of some person or persons unknown, as these coroner Johnnies put it. And yet, I have always regarded Letchworth as long-suffering and patient," he added.

"He has need to be," remarked Cynthia bluntly.

Billy wriggled uneasily in his chair, bestowed an ardent glance at his immaculately manicured nails, and then looked across at the vision in white.

"Look here, Cynthia, I wish you'd help me," he said desperately.

"How can I help you?" she protested, with a frown. "I've done all I can for you. I made you sign the pledge twice not to go on promiscuous proposing expeditions, and in each case you've been a shameless backslider. You're a hopeless case, I'm afraid."

"I can't understand it," confessed Billy helplessly.

"Nor I," she asserted with asperity. "On an average, you get engaged to about four or five dozen girls a year, and it seems to fall to my unthankful lot to get you out of the entanglements. You come to me instinctively, as though I were a specialist in these cases."

"It's awfully good of you," said Billy earnestly. "But I don't know how it happens. I suppose there must be something beastly irresistible about me," he added, with a complacent grin.

"Rot!" ejaculated Cynthia firmly.

"Eh, what! What's that?" gasped Billy.

"Exactly what I say," she retorted, looking at him with unblinking eyes. "You are a shameless philanderer, with nothing irresistible or heroic about you!"

"I say!" protested Billy, with wide eyes.

"It's true," asserted Cynthia vigorously. "I'm tired of solving your difficulties, getting you out of scrapes, and giving you advice. You must look after yourself in future."

"But I can't!" he expostulated weakly, looking at her appealingly.

"Then you must get somebody," she said, with decision.

"How can I?" he wailed helplessly. "All the nice girls I know are either engaged or married."

"They usually are!" said Cynthia grimly.

"Well, I don't know what'll become of me if you chuck me, Cynthia," he cried despairingly. "'Pon my word, I don't!"

"You are certainly not capable of managing your own affairs, Billy," she said judiciously. "But I can accept no responsibility for you in the future. You must blunder through by yourself until the inevitable happens."

She rose determinedly, nodded to the recumbent Billy, and made for the door.

"I say, wait a minute," he pleaded, jumping up hastily. "I've got an idea."

She waited patiently, in silent expectation, near the door.

"I've been thinking it over for some time, Cynthia," he said at last, his face a little flushed. "You've been an awfully jolly good brick to me for years and years—stood by me, helped me, and all that kind of thing; and I——"

"Well?" she demanded imperturbably.

He fidgeted a moment, and then looked straight at her.

"Well," he said desperately, "I'm not altogether a rotter, although you said I was this morning. It hurt me when you said that, Cynthia, because your good opinion is about the only one that matters. I don't care a cigar-band for the others. I'm going to chuck this habit of trotting round and making love to every girl I see, because—because, after all, it isn't the real thing."

He paused, breathless, after this unaccustomed eloquence.

"Well?" repeated the still imperturbable Cynthia.

"You see, I'm bound to wobble if you desert me," he continued dolorously, "and it seems to me there's only one way of solving the difficulty."

"And what is that?" she demanded quietly, her hand on the door.

He looked down at his slippers, as though seeking inspiration there.

"For you to stop and look after me permanently, Cynthia," he burst out desperately.

He stopped suddenly. She did not speak.

He shuffled his feet about slowly, as though laboriously trying to learn the first steps of an intricate dance measure.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE HAT TRICK.



THE PROPRIETOR OF THE RUN-AWAY: Keep cool! Keep cool! Don't yell; it only makes 'im wild.

THE POLICEMAN: 'Tain't me; it's yer bloomin' Talkin' Elephant as is doin' all the yellin'!

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE RUN-AWAY (giving the show away): Garn! That's the missus: she's under 'is blinkin' 'at.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

"I know I'm not brainy, and all that kind of thing," he said, with unexpected self-deprecation; "but I——"

Cynthia's face dimpled with a smile of understanding.

"You've got the proper spirit of humility to start with," she said, with a little laugh. "I don't know whether you will be able to keep it up. But I don't want anything else to happen to you. You're pretty helpless, you know. So I think I'd—I'd better stop, Billy," she added demurely.

The Honourable Billy was very busily engaged when the

discreet Letchworth, whose deprecatory tap on the door had been unobserved, quietly entered the room, and stood undecided, an impassive witness.

"Letchworth!" roared the Honourable William, looking round suddenly.

"Yes, Sir."

"Go to blazes!" was the irritable command.

"Certainly, Sir!"

And he went.



MRS. VERALOUR'S CONFIDENCE. ❖ By F. HARRIS DEANS.



ONE afternoon when I called on Mrs. Veralour I was informed that she was not at home—a slight cold. In the end, however, she consented to see me, and I was shown into her boudoir.

At first glance I saw that she was neither so ill as to make boisterous optimism desirable, nor so well as to render sympathetic pessimism tactful.

"It's kind of you to come and cheer up a poor, sick old widow woman," she said gratefully. Mrs. Veralour, of course, is not a wrinkle more than thirty-five.

"Yes," I said complacently; "I'd have brought some grapes as well if I'd only known you were ill. I think grapes and a few oranges give such an air to a sick-room, don't you?"

"Pfa!" said Mrs. Veralour, screwing up her face; "I loathe the smell of oranges."

"In this world, Mrs. Veralour," I rebuked her, "one owes a duty to one's condition. What's that?" I continued, pointing to a large white thing she was vainly endeavouring to keep in ambush behind a two-inch square of lace-frilled cambric—"a sheet?"

"N-o," she said, hastily tucking it away among the cushions behind her back, "it's one of my husband's. I didn't even know I had it—I was so glad to come across it."

"It's a relic," I agreed, in an appropriately hushed tone.

"Ye-s," she assented; "it comes in handy, too, for a cold."

She sat silent for a moment, regarding the fire. "Did I ever tell you how I came to marry my husband?" she said, looking up at last. A dressing-gown, pig-tail, and a pair of slippers a size too large are the open sesame to most women's confidence.

"You mean, how he came to marry you, don't you? No, that's wrong. I mean, how you came to marry each other."

"I married him," she asserted courageously. "I—I—of course, I wouldn't tell everybody—I *chased* him."

"Mrs. Veralour!" I cried, half rising from my chair in horror.

"I *did*," she persisted, with a nod, "and I'm not ashamed of it."

"Shame is a synonym for regret—at being found out," I said, rescuing myself, after having made my protest. "He never found out, did he?"

Mrs. Veralour pursed her lips.

"Shall I tell you all about it?" she said, regarding me thoughtfully. "I think you'd understand; you're not really a hypocrite."

"Thank you for that 'really,'" I said gratefully. "A hypocrite is a person who lives up to other people's ideals."

"What?" said Mrs. Veralour absently. "You never met him, did you?"

"Mr. Veralour? No."

"You'd have liked him."

"I should have hated him," I declared.

"Mr. Blake! Why?" Then she blushed. "Don't be so ridiculous; why, I'm old enough to be your mother."

"Then I should have hated him as a step-father," I affirmed.

Mrs. Veralour's gratified smile faded. "Your compliment was not of the same superior quality," she complained. "I may offer to be a mother to you, but you ought to have insisted on the customary sister. For two pins I wouldn't tell you any more."

I fumbled hastily at my pockets. "If I haven't left my pin-cushion at home!" I exclaimed. "I knew I'd forgotten something. Must it be pins? Won't a couple of cigarettes do instead?"

"You may smoke if you like—if that's a hint. No, I won't; I never can when I've a cold." She sighed pensively. "He was very much run after."

"Who was?" I demanded, lighting a cigarette.

"Jack—my husband. People used to stop and stare after him in the street."

"Why? What was the matter with him?"

"Because he was so handsome," she explained impatiently. "I made up my mind to marry him the first time I saw him."

"Poor chap!" I said sympathetically; "and I suppose, there he was, enjoying life as much as ever, never dreaming of what was in store for him. I'm glad I'm not really handsome. Beauty is a curse."

"M'm," said Mrs. Veralour, looking at me; "what a blessing your looks must be to you."

"Mrs. Veralour," I said, "when you have anything to say to my face, I wish you'd say it behind my back. Whatever reflections you cast upon it now will appear in my shaving-mirror to-morrow

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morning. I'm very sensitive to criticism. Common humanity should gild your tongue. In a bad light I'm not really so noticeable."

"He was a great sportsman, too," Mrs. Veralour resumed. "Tennis, polo, boxing, swimming—oh, every sort of sport. I expect that was what attracted me in him: I'm no sportswoman."

"Love goes by contraries, I've read somewhere," I said; "that's no doubt why he fell in love with you."

Mrs. Veralour sneered at me.

"What one reads is either written by people who don't know or those who won't tell. He didn't *fall* in love with me. I *pushed* him—deliberately. A woman marries a man because she admires him; a man marries a woman because she admires him."

"Because he admires her, you meant to say," I corrected kindly.

"No, I didn't; because *she* admires *him*. The ideal marriage may be a Mutual Admiration Union, but in real life it's quite as much as can be expected if a woman admires her husband, and her husband admires her taste."

"How did you express your admiration—open-eyed?"

"Open-eyed!" Mrs. Veralour laughed derisively. "It's no good opening your eyes to a man; he's too short-sighted. It's *his* eyes you have to open. No; my admiration was open-mouthed. I *told* him how much I admired him."

"Mrs. Veralour," I said, "I'm shocked. There's a proper name for such conduct, only I've forgotten it. I don't know that I ought to listen to any more." I uncrossed my legs and leant forward in a confidential attitude. "Er—what did you say to him?"

"Say to him? I didn't say anything to him," said Mrs. Veralour, staring.

"But you said you told him how much you admired him."

"So I did, but I didn't tell *him* so. You see, we were stopping at the same place together. We sat next to each other at dinner. Julia Mowbray had fixed it up for him to take her in, and Tommy, the son of the house, a nice boy of nineteen, took me in. Tommy saw to it that we sat next to Jack. You know what hero-worshippers boys of that age are. Julia Mowbray flirted with one of Jack's ears right through dinner, but Tommy and I had his attention. We used to talk sport. One night it would be boxing, and the next—well, whatever other sports there are. I used to spend hours every afternoon studying up in how many rounds somebody knocked somebody out, and who jumped so far in 1902, and who lowered the hundred-yards record at some other time. Fortunately, I always had a good memory for figures."

"H'm," I said; "and I suppose *after* dinner you and Veralour went out on the lawn and guessed the world's record for travelling round the moon, eh?"

"Nothing of the sort. Julia used to sit at the piano and sing languishing songs, and turn over for herself; while Tommy, Jack, and I sat in the corner discussing somebody's chance of doing something in so many minutes. Tommy used to say it was a pity I wasn't a man." She laughed quietly. "It was a compliment."

"And Veralour, did he echo the wish?"

"I never heard him," she murmured. She paused and regarded me dramatically. "Then one afternoon the blow fell. I'd been sitting in the summer-house studying a list of racing records, and going up to my room for something, I stupidly left them behind. When I came back they were gone."

"There's nothing very thrilling in that," I said. "Lots of people make out lists and study them, even when they know all about their subject."

"You won't wait for the thrill," complained Mrs. Veralour. "At the top of the list I'd jotted down several suggestions for bringing the conversation round to racing that evening. Oh, it was a complete give-away! I admit it."

"Well," I said, "what happened?"

"Oh, Julia Mowbray had found the list and taken it to Jack. He told me so himself, when he proposed that evening."

"I see. I suppose he absolutely refused to believe a word this Julia Mowbray said? Of course; so would any man. She ought to have known that."

"How clever you are," murmured Mrs. Veralour admiringly; "but, as it happens, you are quite wrong. He believed everything she said. He said a woman who would go to all that trouble to win him was the sort of wife he wanted."

THE END.

TAKEN IN!



THE STRANGER: I say, my man, I want to go to the Midland Station.

THE NATIVE (*facetiously*): You do, do you? Very well, you may—this once, mind; but don't you ever dare come and ask my permission again.

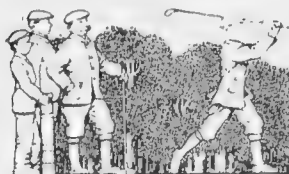
DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

CULTURED AND UNCULTURED! AN ANIMAL ACTOR.



NOT AT HOME AND AT HOME! THE PERFORMING MONKEY.

A STUDY BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL.



ON THE LINKS



THEORY AND PRACTICE IN GOLF ARCHITECTURE: THE CLIFF HOLE AT BIARRITZ.

Is Golf Too Easy? Not a man of us but has had some good reason occasionally to reflect that human nature is queer stuff, and in such ruminations one does constantly and with contentment perceive that other people have the most perverse peculiarities, while the human nature of our good selves stands steady on the normal line. Good. Now a pretty spectacle is presented for our consideration, and in a few days and weeks, when some more ships have crossed the Channel, it will be prettier still. Golfers, you now observe the leading lights of the busy and thoughtful world of the game working themselves up into a fine fury and making it appear that they would as lief tear something to pieces or destroy a hole by overbunkering as smile upon you. That last was well said, for the whole point is that to the minds of the good and gentle there are many fine holes throughout the land and by the margin of the sea that are being cruelly used in the matter of this bunkering. Bunkers, bunkers everywhere; and we see that at last one of the high authorities who loves bunkers and makes them comes out with admirable courage and says that this game, which drives us nearly mad at times with its most exasperating difficulty, is too easy and needs to be made more difficult.

Continental Curiosities.

Now the queer part of all this business is that large droves of people who complain that golf is far easier than it ought to be, and walk over their courses at home in a meditative way saying that there ought to be a bunker put in here and another there, and that the fifth or eighth hole, as it might be, ought to be condemned and removed, because it is blind, are now making their way to different parts of the South of France, and there for the next few weeks they will be playing holes which have some of the worst architectural faults conceivable, and at the same time enjoy the whole-hearted love and admiration of all the people who play them, including the advocates of bunkers everywhere. Where is the golfer who has not heard of the famous "Cliff" hole at Biarritz? I do not think anybody has not heard of it. Hundreds, I am sure, have travelled a thousand miles or more to Biarritz and back chiefly for the satisfaction of playing that hole, and being able to say afterwards that they had played it; and they have enjoyed playing it immensely while at Biarritz, which during the next few weeks will probably be the most popular and crowded course in the world; and, finally, I do not think there is a man alive who dare suggest that by the

cutting of so much as a blade of grass that amazing hole should be altered. Yet the remarkable truth, and I say it without fear, is that the thirteenth hole at Biarritz is one of the worst holes in the world, according to the tenets of the new school of architects, and yet it has to be admitted by all that it demands a special sort of shot, that it should be specially well played, and, when that is done, there need be no fluke or luck about the business—indeed; the "Cliff" hole cannot be fluked. Part of the Biarritz course is up above the cliffs, and part down below on the sea-level, where there are some beautiful holes. The descent from the plain above to the part below is made at a lovely hole called the "Chambre d'Amour," because there is a tradition that a lover and his lady got fatally caught by the rising tide about this place. The drive is from the top of the cliffs, and the putting-green almost touches the sea, and is in the shade of the big Biarritz lighthouse.

Tricks of the Thirteenth.

Then you rise from the lower ground again at the "Cliff" hole. The teeing-ground is some fifty yards from the base of the cliff, which is about forty yards high. The face is not vertical; it is worse than that, for it bulges out frowningly at the top, and sometimes there is a thin stream of water trickling down at one side, and this adds to the terrors of the hole. There is some wire stretched across the top edge of the cliff about a dozen yards from the edge, with rising rough ground up to the wire, and the rule is that if your ball just gets up to that ground, but not so far as the wire, you must play another. You are not to risk your neck and cause fainting in a mixed foursome by attempting to play a ball from the cliff side of the wire. No heroics at Biarritz. Then the putting-green,

which begins just the other side of the wire, slopes down away from the player until some wire-netting is reached, which prevents lively balls from tumbling over a precipice on the other side, and there is some wooden palisading on the left side to keep pulled balls from going to awful jeopardy in that direction. This hole is a mixture of horrors and safeguards; it is blind, and it is fantastic. It is one of the marvels of the Continent, and a wonder of the golfing world. I have played it scores of times, and yearn to do so again; but if it were placed on a British course, with any of our new architects about,

somebody would have a fit. These considerations suggest the reflection that, in matters of golf architecture, theory is one thing and practice is another.

HENRY LEACH.



IN HIS LEAST EPISCOPAL MOOD—AND POSSIBLY TRAINING IN VIEW OF HIS OFFER TO TAKE ON ANYONE OF HIS OWN AGE AT ANY GAME: THE BISHOP OF LONDON GOLFING.

As we have noted before, the Bishop of London, speaking recently at a Social Purity Meeting at Willesden, said that he was an unmarried man, but would take any of them on at any game they liked at his own age—fifty-five. He is here seen at Sunningdale.

Photograph by C.N.



A GREAT CRICKETER AS A GOLFER: DR. W. G. GRACE ON THE LINKS

Photograph by C.N.



THE ALHAMBRA REVUE : MINSTRELS AT THE PALLADIUM : "THE TWO BOBS."

THERE will be no change of programme at the Alhambra during Christmas, and very good reason, too, for "Keep Smiling" still continues to fill the house to its fullest dimensions. It is a long time indeed since this house has been so full for such a lengthy period, and it is to be sincerely congratulated upon its triumphant success. Night after night there is not a seat to be had, and it looks as if this state of repletion is to be continued for a long time to come. Changes of only the most meagre description have been made since the revue started, and it still remains one of the most successful ventures of its kind yet introduced to London. During a visit paid there last week, I found it still "booming," long and continued applause greeting the fall of the curtain. The two features introduced into it by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, "On Board the S.S. *Mauvette*" and "The Ideal Home," without the kind permission of Olympia, still go extremely well, and the Assyrian Ballet, danced by Miss Mossetti and Miss Monkman, is also thoroughly successful. After the interval there was no diminution of interest, and the piece went to its conclusion with unbroken success. A very good feature has here been introduced by Mr. Henry Clive, which represents M. and Mme. Zigzag in the course of going through their "terribly temperamental" telepathies. This, as performed by the exuberant Mr. Hale and Mr. Clive, is an extremely mirth-provoking little turn; it is succeeded by a good nursery-rhyme song, well sung by the lyrist of the piece, Mr. Hugh E. Wright. But the chief attraction of the revue is the main staircase. On this fine structure there is some most ingenious dancing from Miss Mossetti, as well as a speech and a hurried exit effected by Mr. Lloyd George, besides a highly ingenious "up-and-down" dance. By the time the resourceful Mr. Hale takes his stand at the Musical Director's seat, the success of the piece has been amply manifested, and the curtain goes down before an audience which is thoroughly satisfied. I can only wish more power to the Alhambra's elbow.

Open Always. The Palladium is perhaps the establishment which shows the greatest persistency and perseverance of any place in town. It furnishes, in addition to its Sunday shows, no fewer than eighteen performances per week, which is, I take it, about the record. In addition to its two evening shows, it is again providing what it is pleased to describe as a Christy Minstrel entertainment, every afternoon. Although this entertainment does actually include the Palladium Minstrels, who number one hundred black artistes, it contains much which could only be catalogued amongst music-hall turns. Mr. Eugene Stratton, for instance, though as black as your hat, could hardly be legitimately

described as a Christy Minstrel, while the Lazeroff Troupe "in an original Singing and Dancing Scena depicting Life and Customs of the Caucasians in the Mountains of Caucasus," cannot even claim the advantage of black faces. Then, again, one would hardly include Mr. Joe Elvin and his company of comedians in their farcical sketch, entitled "Under Cross-Examination" in one's ordinary estimate of coloured comedians, but here they are to be seen, for all that; while Ruffel's Imperial Bioscope can scarcely claim the distinction of the nigger tint to any unusual extent. On the afternoon on which I visited the show, I found a very meagre house, but this will probably improve when the attractions of Christmas shopping are fairly over, and when housefuls of unruly children have to be taken somewhere to keep them quiet. The exploits of the Lazeroff Troupe should certainly have a curtailing influence over their prowess, for it will be quite hopeless for the youngsters to attempt emulation of the feats of these wild people to any appreciable extent, while any effort to imitate the verbiage of Mr. Joe Elvin is also unlikely to achieve success. However, the management of the Palladium probably knows very well what it is about, and will doubtless derive, in due course, a reasonable profit from its seemingly venturesome experiment.



AUTHOR OF "A PLACE IN THE SUN" AND ACTOR IN IT: MR. CYRIL HARCOURT.

In addition to being known by his play, "A Place in the Sun," Mr. Cyril Harcourt is also familiar as an actor, and is the author of a novel, "The World's Daughter."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

a series of final performances prior to a departure to the wilds of Australia. The devoted public is always truly loyal, and was delighted to see that two of its favourites were spreading out their wings for the Antipodes, but felt just a little sorry

"The Two Bobs." A notice at the Tivoli told its old tale with no undue attempt at minimising the tragedy. It told a devoted public that two of its favourite entertainers were about to give it

that it would have to do without two popular comedians for so long a time, and made up its mind to give them a hearty send-off. And truly The Two Bobs are worthy of the position that they have been successful in acquiring during the comparatively short space of time that they have been before us. They are a completely cheerful pair, bursting into song with rapture and retiring with grace. The accompanist does not show off his playing, but just accompanies, and, when it seems advisable, joins in the refrain or sings a solo, as circumstances may seem to suggest. Towards the end they do make some show of attiring themselves in accordance with the song they are

going to sing, but this is merely a freak, and has small effect upon the song or upon the audience. Suffice it to say that they are a completely joyous pair, and that Australia is to be heartily congratulated upon being accorded a chance of seeing them.



"THE NIGHT HAWK," AT THE GLOBE: THE HON. JAMES DAUBENAY, WHO HAS BEEN KEPT A PRISONER IN THE HOUSE OF RUTH'S FATHER AND HAS PASSED THE NIGHT ON A SETTEE, IS SHOWN THE DAWN—MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS AND MISS JANE COOPER (AS RUTH).

ROVER.



THE SUPERFLUOUS RED REAR-LIGHT: EXEMPTION FOR MOTOR-BICYCLES: "NUTS" AND CUT-OUTS.

A Motoring Mystery.

Why motor-cars should be fitted with red rear-lamps as a matter of compulsion has never been satisfactorily explained; indeed, from the time when the regulation was first enforced in 1896 to the present moment not one single argument, official or non-official, has ever been put forward in its favour. It is the outstanding mystery of motoring, and apparently is destined to remain so for an indefinite period, for there is no evidence of any desire on the part of the powers that be to amend the Motor-Car Act or the Light Locomotives Act in any single particular, nor—where cars are concerned—even the various Orders of the Local Government Board.

The fastest vehicle on the road, and therefore the one that is least likely to be overtaken, is consequently bound to display a totally superfluous fitment, of no use to anyone, and a perpetual reminder of the loose manner in which motoring law was framed at the very outset.

court convicted and fined a motor-cyclist for not carrying a red lamp! Of course, the decision was carried to the High Court, and there, to everybody's great astonishment, the Judges, by a majority of one, and with an open confession of doubt in the matter, upheld the decision of the local Solons. There was no getting over the fact that the Local Government Board never intended red lamps to be fitted to motor-cycles, but the Judges held that, though this was made clear enough in the covering letter which the Board distributed along with its Use and Construction Order, the wording of the latter was not equally definite. Even this view was emphatically open to question, and would in all probability be reversed if carried to the House of Lords; but there is no need for the latter course, inasmuch as the Board has already issued an amending Order.

A Plain Statement.

There is no longer any ambiguity in the matter, for the new Order says definitely enough that motor-cycles shall not be required to exhibit a red light to the rear unless a side-car or other vehicle is attached. Certain questions arising out of the use of side-cars are also settled at the same time. The vast majority of motor-bicycle and side-car combinations in this country are arranged with the side-car on the near side, but if an occasional foreign machine is imported, with the positions reversed, it is obvious that the position of the white light in front has to be considered. If the foreign product carried a lamp only on the motor-bicycle itself there would be a considerable projection to the right which would be invisible, and which might lead to accident when meeting another vehicle. The new Order, therefore,

very properly exempts side-cars fitted in English fashion from the showing of a white light, but makes the latter compulsory when the side-car is attached to the off-side. Another reasonable stipulation is to the effect that the red lamp fitted to a side-car must be placed on the extreme right if the motor-bicycle itself is on the left. These several provisos are sound enough, and the sole cause for apprehensiveness which may be recorded in connection with the new Order is the statement by the Board, in its covering letter, that it is considering the question whether motor-bicycles should not, in all cases, be required to carry a red light behind. In other words, the Board has issued the Order in confirmation of its original intentions of 1904, but reserves the right to make what would be an unwelcome and wholly unnecessary change.

A Timely Warning. There is a small percentage of car-owners which chooses to drive rough-shod over public sentiment by using cut-out devices with their silencers, although the practice is now illegal. Just as one reckless driver in the course of a run of a hundred miles may make more impression than a thousand driving peaceably, so one car clattering through villages with an open exhaust may arouse an exaggerated degree of anti-motoring hostility. If the "knuts," however, who delight in this form of aggressiveness have so far relied upon the "free legal defence" system of the motoring organisations, they are now warned by the Automobile Association, at any rate, that they will not be supported if arraigned on a charge of using an illegal fitting.



WITH A FOUR-BLADED AERIAL PROPELLER:
A BLÉRIOT GLISSEUR.

Photograph by Rol.

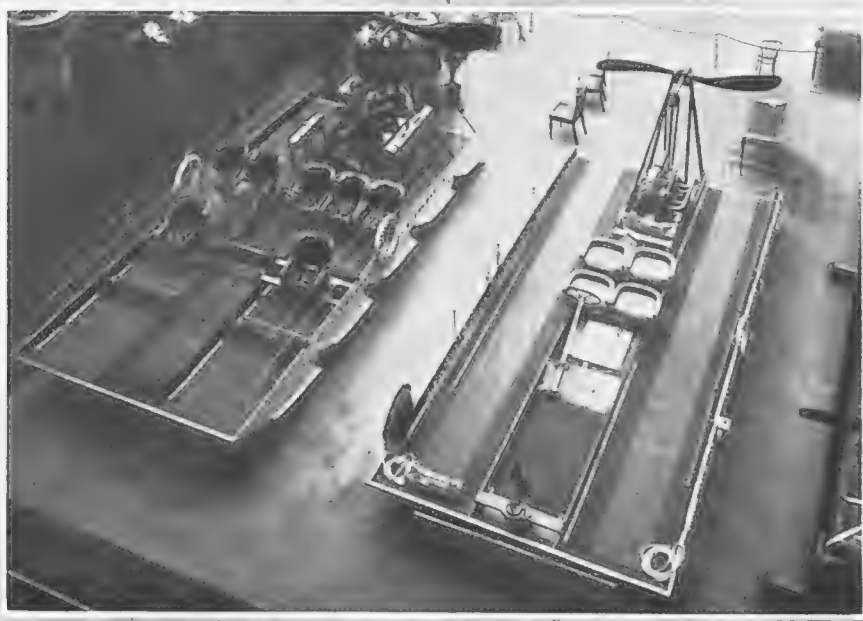
Motor-Cyclists' Rear Lights.

In only one respect has any appearance of common-sense been imported into the situation. Motor-cyclists were expressly exempted by the Local Government Board in 1904 from the proviso as to the carrying of red lights; at all events, the Board stated specifically enough, when issuing its Use and Construction Order of that date, that motor-cycles were to be regarded in this matter as being identical with ordinary bicycles. No one dreamed of challenging its intentions for a period of nine years, and then a local petty sessions



BUILT TO SKIM ON THE WATER'S SURFACE: A NIEUPORT GLISSEUR.

Photograph by Rol.



MADE TO SKIM ALONG THE WATER BY MEANS OF AERIAL PROPELLERS:
TWO SEVERAL-SEATED HYDROPLANES.

These hydroplanes, one of which is generally called a hydromobile, were recently on show in Paris, and aroused a good deal of interest.—[Photograph by Rol.]



THE New Year Honours list is to include coronets, if Dame Rumour is not romancing, and one coronet in particular that will come as a surprise. "There is hardly a political supporter who has not asked me for something," groaned Sir Robert Peel on one occasion; and Mr. Asquith has, in the matter of similar applications, a letter-bag that he would willingly see lighter.

Gladstone was more querulous than other Prime Ministers have been over such demands: where he could not oblige, he made a case (to Catherine over the breakfast-tray) against the applicant, than whom in all history nobody was less deserving. Disraeli had a light touch in the distribution of honours, as in everything. But he liked the job,



THE FUTURE RULER OF ALBANIA AND HIS WIFE: PRINCE WILLIAM OF WIED AND THE PRINCESS, IN BUCHAREST.

and he liked it humorously. One of the unpublished anecdotes about him tells its own story. On the eve of one of his Premier-ships, he was at a dinner where he took rank as a commoner. Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, and Barons filed away from the table before him. Putting his arm in that of a friend, he pointed to them as they passed, and whispered, "I shall be making some of those next week."

"Norfolk." A little misunderstanding has arisen from the insertion, in a daily paper, of a letter signed "Norfolk." The correspondent wrote, as it were, in the person of the county.

He had a shire behind him, and he forgot the single individual who has the technical right to the title. The Duke may console himself by remembering that he always adds "E.M." after his signature, as a hereditary Earl Marshal very properly and proudly may. But the territorial title will always be a trial of faith. The tradesman who, fulfilling an order received by post, addressed the parcel to "Messrs. Richmond and Gordon," will always command sympathy. Now that so many undergraduates are impressing their sisters by talk about "Wales," Welshmen will have to forego that large territorial label for their letters to the London Press. The "voice of Wales," as Mr. Lloyd George invokes it, has a very different significance when overheard in "the High."

The Latest Leslie. Sir John Leslie, who is ninety-one years young, felt, perhaps, a little aware of the passage of time the other day, when his great-grandchild, Anne Theodosia Moira, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shane Leslie, was held at the font of the Church of the Rosary in Marylebone. Lady Constance Leslie smiled

on the ceremony that united four generations. The god-parents were Colonel John Leslie, Mr. Francis Meynell, Mrs. Bourke Corkran, and Lady Gwendolen Churchill; and a luncheon at the Ritz, at which the fourth generation was not present, made a finale to the friendly function. The infant has this distinction among others—she is the youngest near relative of Mr. Winston Churchill. Tell it not to the Suffragettes of Paddington!

Carlton House Terrace. M. Cambon left London before

Christmas, and is staying in Paris; the Russian Ambassador and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador are both abroad; and a general exodus of secretaries leaves a very thin population at the Embassies. The German Ambassador and Princess Lichnowsky, after some months' absence in their native forests, returned to London to find it a town of Christmas-trees; but Carlton House Terrace does not lend itself very readily to holly, paper fringes, and the other friendly untidinesses of the season. Its architecture is of a style too lofty to be lightly tampered with. None of the London Embassies can be commended for their homeliness, and the result is that the majority of the Ambassadors and their ladies risk two stormy Channel crossings in order to spend a winter fortnight on the Continent.

Whereabouts. Like Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lord and Lady Rosslyn spend their holidays in France; Lord Lytton goes again to Mürren, where he gets plenitude of snow; and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland spend Christmas at sea, as did Robert Louis Stevenson on a famous occasion that resulted



BRINGER OF A SUCCESSFUL LIBEL ACTION AGAINST AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE SOLD IN THIS COUNTRY: THE GRAND DUKE BORIS VLADIMIROVITCH.

The Grand Duke Boris, first cousin of the Emperor and second son of the Grand Duke Vladimir, appeared in the Lord Chief Justice's Court in London the other day as witness in his libel action, against an American magazine sold in this country. The defendants apologised to the Grand Duke, who, his counsel stated, did not want to obtain money by the proceedings, but did wish publicly to vindicate his honour. The Lord Chief Justice said it had been made plain beyond all doubt that there was no ground whatever for any of the grave reflections made.



MISS VIOLET STEWART, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN G. F. C. WHITE, ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY, WAS FIXED FOR DEC. 30.

Miss Stewart is the youngest daughter of the late Captain N. P. Stewart, and of Mrs. Stewart, of Bangor.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



AT A MEET OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE: MAJOR CROSTHWAITE, OF THE 2ND DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY, WITH HIS SEVEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, JOAN.

Little Miss Joan Crosthwaite follows the hounds frequently.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

in a famous poem. The Duke and Duchess, when they return, will go straight to the "cottage" they have leased in town; it is well out of the shadow of Stafford House.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Some Musings on the New Year.

In many respects the coming-in of the New Year resembles a human birth, and therefore leaves us thoughtful. There is adventure in it, a spice of romance, considerable hope, dangers and responsibilities innumerable. As the bells ring in the year of grace 1914, we wonder how we shall get on with the young Stranger, what surprises he has hidden for us—how, in short, he will treat us during his twelve-months' reign. Will all the political thunder we hear rumbling develop into a storm of the first magnitude, or will it peter out in an atmosphere of Compromise, allowing hatchets to be buried and a wise progress to be pursued? Will the Militants cease their warfare against society, and allow the great question of woman's franchise to be once more considered calmly by responsible people of both sexes? Will Art become more coherent, the theatre a place for intelligent people, women's dress more seemly?—will stupid and suggestive dances be banned, and novels begin to concern themselves with other things than the primitive relations of men and women? That there is room for improvement in all these human activities, fashions, and manias, most sensible persons would allow. The difficulty seems to be that even Society is inchoate, democratic, and inclined to run after strange gods. We follow no wise leaders, though in our King and Queen we have

the highest and most shining example of a useful and intelligent life.

was about to begin, thus inflicting a good deal of discomfort and annoyance, on the rest of the audience. Now I would willingly see all—or nearly all—these "animal turns" deleted from the programme, though I once saw a baby elephant get into a four-post bed and draw up the clothes comfortably to its chin in a manner so exquisite that it has haunted me ever since as one of the few things I have seen in my life which have really amused me. The elephant is a wise, remorseless and ponderous beast, and I do not fancy you could ill-treat him with any chance of success, for he would infallibly "have it out" of his torturer as soon as possible and at the most inconvenient time. I feel convinced that there is no ill-treatment of elephants, any more than there is any of its antitheses in size, the fleas who perform—with dazzling success—on the piers of our seaside resorts. I dislike immensely seeing dogs going through antics for which they are not fitted, and performing bears, though they have been "led about" for centuries, arouse my pity and anger.

These animal entertainments are getting unpopular, and the instant failure of a huge circus in London shows that performing beasts and leaping ladies in tarlatan no longer attract. These shows will soon disappear altogether, and I, for one, should not be sorry if acrobats could find some equally lucrative and a safer way of earning a living than the fearsome one they at present pursue.

The New Cult of Simplicity.

Our joyous youth of both sexes are all, it seems, for simplicity nowadays. They

abhor set invitations, cards sent out three weeks before the proposed festivity, or any formalities in connection with their amusements and recreations. What amuses them best is to be bidden, over the telephone, to come the same night to dine and do a play, to sup at a restaurant, do a "rag" at Earl's Court, or have an impromptu dance at some agreeable house. Society amusements are arranged well-nigh exclusively for young, unmarried, and even for still chubby people; in this respect we have closely copied America,

where, except in the most modish sets, young married people are supposed to abdicate and leave the beer and skittles to their unwed contemporaries. It may be said, indeed, that beer is no longer a symbol of festivity, but an actual factor therein, the new Tango young man having found that inferior party-champagne may be wisely replaced with foaming Pilsener. This pleasing beverage, combined with kippers or kidneys, is, at the hour of writing, the very flower, so to speak, of Fashion, and this simple meal may be seen being consumed at smart restaurants and in Mayfair dining-rooms as the night waxes old. Yet beer, though alluring, has the drawback of producing portliness, unless, like the modern youth, you take it out of yourself by assiduously practising the Tango and the Machiche.



A WALKING-COSTUME OF BLUE VELVET.

The coat has an edging of red fox round the collar, and the full tunic is made of blue mousseline.

the highest and most shining example of a useful and intelligent life.

Time to Breathe.

Once the Christmas week is over, there is the agreeable prospect of a surcease from shopping. Many people—principally women—go purchasing some kind of desirable or undesirable article on all week-days. On Sundays, I understand, they feel as if their principal occupation is gone, since they cannot buy anything. Shopping is their mania; but not all of us share this fatiguing and expensive taste—indeed, we would willingly hire a black slave to take this onerous business off our shoulders. It is, of course, infinitely delightful to give some offering to the Friend of your Soul, but the physical and mental strain involved during the past week or so has been considerable. I understand that our royalties find their greatest pleasure in going into the wonderful "emporiums" of London, and there choosing, personally, their clothes or their gifts, whereas it is the privilege of Queens and Princes to have all such objects and articles brought to the palaces they inhabit, and there laid out for regal inspection. This, at the first blush, would seem an absolutely ideal way of shopping—to buy without entering a heated, crowded shop at all. But Princes generally envy the privileges of their subjects more than we do their rank and majesty. And shopping—so wearisome to the busy citizen—is one of the things they take a singular satisfaction in.

The Elephant's "Turn."

Yesterday I had pressed on my attention a kind of pledge which I was urged to sign. I was asked to remove myself instantly from any hall or theatre when any "turn" of performing animals



A WALKING-DRESS IN BLUE VELVET.

This model is in blue velvet, with the jacket opening over a gold waistcoat. The tunic is of mousseline edged with red fox.



A BLUE-SERGE TAILOR-MADE WALKING-DRESS.

The jacket has a double basque and is cut away in the front to show a waistcoat of embroidered yellow silk.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14.

1913-1914.

EXIT 1913, and we do not think anyone connected with financial affairs will quarrel with us if we add "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." It cannot, unfortunately, be stated that the New Year comes in under particularly auspicious circumstances, but we shall all breathe a sigh of relief when we write 1914 for the first time. The coming year will have to be bad indeed if it fails to be an improvement upon the one which is just completed. We do not intend to reopen old wounds by recapitulating the troubles and difficulties of the last twelve months, nor bore our readers with a long dissertation on the causes, which have been chiefly financial, although Labour played its part to no small extent. The results, however, are plain for all to see—Consols standing at 71½, and every class of security at prices which offer to investors returns which would have been considered munificent a little while ago. The world's demands for fresh capital have been stupendous, and borrowers have had to make their paper attractive by every possible means.

Turning to the prospects of the coming year, it would be idle to suggest that all is likely to be clear sailing. For the first few months, at any rate, we expect to see a continuance of the New Issue rush. The money position in Germany is not too good, and until the French Loan is cleared out of the road and the Paris banks have been enabled to unload their Balkan paper, very little help can be expected from the Continent. And then there is Mexico. About the position here, the only hopeful thing that can be said is that a crisis appears imminent, and the sooner it comes the better.

Taking rather a longer view, however, it seems pretty certain that the pendulum must commence to swing back before very long. The decline of trade must set free large sums, which will have to find investment and must affect markets. It may be that we are too optimistic, but we feel rather more cheerful over the Labour question; the men have received one or two rebuffs of late, and we think it will do them good.

It thus follows that, while we still counsel patience and caution, we do so more cheerfully than for some long time past, and feel pretty sure that when the time comes round to call 1914 the old year we shall be able to refer to it with kinder thoughts than we can in the case of the unlucky '13.

INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANIES.

The first note which appeared in these columns in 1913 concerned Investment Trust Companies, and we ventured to predict that quotations would stand higher now than then. The prophecy was, as it has turned out, a rash one, and, unfortunately, has not been borne out by results, as will be seen from the following table, in which are included the same seven Companies.

On the other hand, the declines are not very serious, and our inquiries lead us to believe that, even so, they are not really justified by intrinsic merits. Although the directors have not been able altogether to prevent a decline in the capital value of their holdings, we believe it will be found that they have been able to limit it to about 5 per cent., while the low level of values has enabled them to increase their total income. Probably the revival in Brewery securities has helped towards these results.

With regard to dividends, we do not think there will be much change from the rate paid a year ago, and, even where the interim dividend was increased, we think this will hold good.

The Investment Companies will benefit immediately from any recovery in market conditions, and, in spite of the declines, we know of nothing which makes us think less of such shares as an investment for the man of moderate means. His risk is spread over a large number of securities, and the selection and care of these securities are in the hands of clever and knowing men. We hope and expect that the changes in price during 1914 will make a better showing than the following—

	End of 1911	End of 1912	End of 1913
Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust -	134	141½	139½
Government Stock and Other Securities	113	118	115½
Investment Trust - - - - -	211½	221½	211
Metropolitan Trust (Ordinary) - - -	216	233½	225
Omnium - - - - -	93	108½	107
River Plate and General Investment -	174	187	187½
Scottish Investment Trust - - - -	92	103½	106

The Stock referred to is the Deferred, except in the case of the Metropolitan Trust.

TWO ANOMALIES.

About this time last year we drew attention to the anomaly which exists between the respective quotations of the 3½ per cent. Guaranteed stock of the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway and of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific First Preference stock. Although both stocks are now lower, the anomaly still exists. The first-named stock, under the guarantee of the B.A. and Pacific Company, is now receiving 4 per cent. per annum, which will be

increased to 4½ per cent. from June 1917. If, therefore, this stock is considered as a 4½ per cent. stock, and the deficiency in interest during the next three-and-a-half years (which amounts to £1 15s.) be added to the present quotation of 83, the yield, allowing for accrued interest, works out at £5 6s. 8d.

The guarantee ranks in front of the Preference dividends of the B.A. and Pacific, and yet the First Preference stock of the latter Company is quoted at 100, which makes the yield about £5 2s. per cent.

An investor, therefore, would improve both his security and his interest by making an exchange.

Another anomaly exists in the quotations for the Chinese Government Loans issued in 1912 and 1913 respectively. The former is a prior charge on the Salt Gabelle, and yet the price at the time of writing (allowing for 25s. accrued interest) is £86½, compared to £89½ (allowing for £3 accrued interest); which is the price of the 1913 or reorganisation loan.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"A year ago," remarked the clerk, "I heard a man call 1912 a lean year—I wonder what he'd say about 1913?"

"Bony, my boy, positively bony," replied the still-more-senior partner. "In the words of Cæsar, 'Would he were fatter—'"

"Let's hope the next one will have another 'n' in it," said the clerk, "and so become bonny!"

"There's about as much chance of that as of your being funny," was Harry's grumpy comment. "As far as —"

"If you stuck to really sound things," said the still-more-senior partner, "like I do—"

"Have Shells been going up lately?"

"Don't interrupt, Harry. As I was saying, you ought to leave those nasty Nigerian mines alone. I don't have to worry so when those shares you kindly mentioned go down; I buy a few more, and am thankful to be able to get 'em cheaper."

"Blessed are the rich," murmured the clerk, "for they can buy shares on the fall."

"Good gracious," ejaculated the still-more-senior partner, "the boy's been taken to church!"

The senior partner had become interested at the mention of Shells. "I can't think why they're down," he said; "they've got a lot of new irons in the fire, and Oil's as high as ever."

"Don't you start worrying," said the other shareholder. "They'll go up again, and the shares are so widely distributed that the market's always good."

"It's all very well to laugh at Harry," said the clerk, "but a friend of mine who's just back from Nigeria told me that Bauchis, beside being the pick of the bunch, are well worth buying."

"I've got some," said Harry, "among others. But I've made a new resolution—"

"I'll bet you a new hat you don't keep it!"

"Done!" said Harry.

"Dunn's, or Bennett's, or anyone else's you like—"

"Do stop interrupting," cried the senior partner; "we want to hear Harry's resolution."

"I submit that it is out of order—" The senior partner forgot his accustomed dignity and threw his ruler at the clerk, while Harry made a very bad shot with a gum sample (a nasty hard thing).

The latter at last continued, "I am never going to buy another Mining share until it is a proved and dividend-paying concern."

"I think," said the irrepressible clerk, "that I will have one of those nice purple-velvet hats with the bow at the back."

"No, you won't," said Harry; "for one thing, you won't win, and the wager was for a hat, not a—"

"I won't quarrel with you," interrupted the clerk; "but I've made a resolution just like yours; I'm never going to back a horse until it's won."

Even Harry saw the point of the remark and joined in the general laugh. "How you young people do chatter!" said the still-more-senior partner. "You're just like a pack of old women; don't your wives complain?"

At this moment the telephone-bell went. "You're wanted on the 'phone," said the clerk to the last speaker, and then the following was heard: "Yes, my dear, it's me. What do you want? Yes; I ordered the sugar. A pound of what? Pork, what? Oh, yes; sausages, all right, Dear, good-bye—"

The clerk and Harry both got out of the office without visible or audible laughter, which was commendable.

Saturday, Dec. 27, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BRISTOL.—You do not mention the prices you paid, so it is difficult to advise. (1) and (5) are quite good; (2) we do not like; (3) and (4) are rather speculative. We will make some inquiries about the other Company.

B. T. A.—Your list is hardly gilt-edged, but we think you can hold all except (1) which we do not like. If you sell these, Arauco Second Debentures or Domingo Tomba's Debentures should suit you.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Crazy Pavements. It could hardly be imagined from their name that they are desirable, but they are, and very much so. No really picturesque garden is complete without at least one walk crazily paved. The name is taken from crazy patchwork, in which the pieces are of all sizes and shapes, and fitting them has the fascination without the irritation of a jig-saw puzzle. A garden-walk paved with large squares of stone set down symmetrically and evenly is most of all desirable, but a sufficient number of these big square stones is rare. Broken up, they are more easily come by. With little hardy plants growing in the interstices, which do not greatly resent being trodden on, they look old and picturesque. If our great-grandfathers could only know how we value their common-

places, how flattered they would be! Old tiles are almost worth their weight in copper; even old slates are much esteemed; and now the broken flag-stones which in their day would have been cast aside are used for my lady's garden, and with excellent effect.

The Home Habit.

There are heaps of people, in these pleasure-hunting days, who have not lost the home habit. It is simply because their women-kind know how to make them feel at home. There is always a room entirely their own, furnished, as they like, with one good



REAL "ROSE-LEAVES OF DECEMBER": A BOUQUET RECENTLY GROWN IN HAMPSHIRE.

Swinburne wrote that "The rose-leaves of December the frosts of June shall fret," as a thing never likely to happen, but as regards the roses of December, at least, it has happened this month. The above bouquet of Mme. Alfred Carrière roses was picked a few days ago in the gardens of Newlands Manor, Lyngington, where they were grown in the open.

Photograph by C.N.

writing-table and at least two comfortable chairs, and always a gas-fire—one of those up-to-date gas-fires that are practically perfect. There is no misery of having either to sit in the cold or else to feel in the way in one of the rooms downstairs where there is a fire. In every house that is a home there should be a room for

each member of the family where they can light their own fire in a moment and sit in warmth and comfort to follow any occupation they like, or to rest alone. Especially, too, should visitors be secure of a room where they can light their fire at any moment with out ringing for servants and making a fuss. The joy of having one to dress by on a cold winter morning, the feeling of home that a good bright fire imparts at all times, the comfort of it when coming in from a motor-ride, all these things are well known to the capable house-mother and the successful hostess, many thousands of whom are, these Christmas and New Year's holidays, blessing these gas-fires which enable them to make the members of

their family and their guests feel at home without putting an undue tax on the domestic staff. This, for the purpose of the hostess's comfort, is best kept as small as possible.

Tango and New Year Parties.

The couples who can dance the Tango and the Machiche are in demand as guests. I am told that if they do so really well, their manners need not be too polished—they are favoured guests just the same. They not only dance in great halls during tea-time, but also after dinner. They may,



COMFORTABLY TUCKED UP, BUT VERY WIDE AWAKE! PASSENGERS IN AN ICE-BOAT WHO HAVE TO LIE DOWN WHEN TACKING.

The ice-boats on Toronto Bay have roomy accommodation under the huge swinging sail. When the boat is tacking the occupants must lie down, as though in bed, and for this purpose there are plenty of furs and blankets for covering.—[Photograph by James.]

if they find their quarters comfortable and wish to stay on, drill the young people of the house in the latest dance, and get up competitions and act as judges. In cases where Tango dancers are hired, things go better, for they do not join the company except in their professional capacity. Some women have, however, an unconquerable predilection for getting all they can for nothing. I heard of a case where one had asked an Argentine couple to dinner, and had an exhibition Tango after. The dancers behaved quite nicely—the girl, indeed, started a promising flirtation with the son of the house under his mother's eyes. The dancing was a great success; the pair danced many times, but before leaving they presented their little bill, and, as the guests had not gone, the lady had to pay it! Furthermore, her young hopeful is Tango crazy, and his mother's well-paid guest is his instructress at a further price!

Head of a Nigger.

This is not a Gallic exclamation, such as "name of a dog"—it is a new and most fashionable tone of black; moreover, the name is really explanatory, for the tone is of that dull, leadish, almost grey character that is so apparent in the woolly pate of a negro. Of course, it has a more fashionable sound as "Tête de Nègre." Women are almost as crazy about it as about the Tango, and this accounts largely for the quantity of sombre hue in vogue just now. Mere men do not know it from black, but it dates a woman's frocks to other women, and that is one of the chief objects of dress. "She was in black" is no sufficient description nowadays, any more than "she was in white." As there are ivory, cream, oyster, pearl, and milk whites, so there are now tête de nègre, blue, grey, and black blacks. Of them all, the first-named is chiefest in favour. It is having the vogue that cream-colour enjoyed when it was first differentiated from white.



IN A REAL LAMP-SHADE SKIRT—AND OTHER FURNITURE (AS Mlle. Ameublement?): MISS MARION EDWARDS AS SHE APPEARS AT THE GRAND, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

In "The Sketch" of Oct. 15 we showed what could be done in the way of dressmaking out of hardware, under the title, "Mlle. Quincaille: the Eve of an Ironmonger." A similar title (in terms of furniture) may be applied to the costume worn by Miss Marion Edwards in the new revue at the Grand Theatre, Clapham Junction. The costume is composed chiefly of two lamp-shades, a table-cover, a bell-pull, and a feather dusting-brush (as a plume in the hair).—[Photograph by Record Press.]



IN A REAL PANTOMIME REHEARSAL: MR. ARTHUR CONQUEST PROMPTING MR. GEORGE GRAVES IN A REHEARSAL OF "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED."

Mr. George Graves is principal comedian in this season's pantomime at Drury Lane, "The Sleeping Beauty Re-awakened." Mr. Arthur Conquest is taking the part of a monkey in it. He was Priscilla the Cow in "Jack and the Beanstalk" in 1910, and the dog in "The Babes in the Wood" in 1907. In 1906 he took the part of Mrs. Sinbad in "Sinbad the Sailor" at very short notice owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Harry Randall.—[Photograph by C.N.]

THE FOX AND THE FARMER.

EVEN the keenest hunting-men will admit that there is a saving grace in the action of those farmers who have of late decided to treat the hunt and the fox as trespassers, and to inflict upon Reynard the fullest penalty of a law that was never made for him. In all probability, had a farmer attempted to take such action twenty years ago, he would have been held to escape quite lightly if he had been merely turned out of his farm. Under present conditions, he can better afford to be candid; and it is this candour that will appeal even to those who are most offended by his action. You can deal with men who state quite frankly the course they propose to pursue, but you cannot go very far with those who keep their worst intentions to themselves. To the full extent that farmers have made their intentions plain they are entitled to credit.

The new development is only novel by reason of the publicity it has received. A few farmers have always been on bad terms with the hunt, and, as I said a few weeks ago, I have seen mask and pads nailed to a barn-door by the roadside; but these things have not been advertised. It must be remembered, too, that of late years many men have come into hunting counties from Scotland and from the Lake Country in the extreme north of England. In those parts the fox is not hunted, but at certain seasons of the year the farmers and their friends meet, tramp in line—accompanied by their dogs—over a wide stretch of country, and any fox they encounter is summarily shot unless it can betake itself to one of those cairns or clefts in the hillside from which it cannot possibly be dislodged. When the Northerner comes south, he brings with him a very long-standing dislike for foxes, for he regards them as the sworn enemies of his lambs, and he finds it hard at first to understand why farmers should abet the multiplication of vermin to the detriment of their own best interests. Being a peaceful man, and, above all, finding a better return for his work in the mild southern country than he could ever command in the bleak north, he is not disposed to prepare fresh trouble for himself by antagonising his landlord or the fox-hunting farmers round him. At the same time, he is very business-like, and it is hard to persuade him to find satisfaction for the loss of poultry in the thought that he is adding to the amusement of his neighbours. Now that he learns how farmers are refusing to admit the hunt, are threatening to shoot foxes, and are going on almost unrebuked for both offences against the unwritten law of the countryside, he will undoubtedly harden his heart and follow the example of his less conventional neighbours.

Scores of keen hunting-men have seen this trouble coming, and

many have recognised that the determined action of a few resolute farmers would set an example that would be followed from Land's End to the extreme limit of the hunting country. The question of the moment is whether the danger can be averted, and whether fox-hunting can hope for a fresh lease of life. There should be no difficulty in answering this question in the affirmative.

There are over two hundred packs of foxhounds in this country, and it is probable that the amount of money spent on hunting during the year, directly and indirectly, runs well into seven—perhaps, nearly to eight—figures. There is an Association of Masters of Foxhounds, and the remedy for existing evils is very largely in its hands. Beyond doubt, a large central fund must be established, a revised system of payment for damage done by foxes set up, and it might be worth while to take some steps to regulate the supply of foxes. While some counties are poorly supplied, others are over-run. Not far from where these lines are written ten foxes were turned out of one wood during covert-shooting the other day, and this in a part of the country where claims to compensation are regarded with marked disfavour and the price of chickens is set down at two shillings, although there is nobody in the district who would sell one at that figure. The long and short of it is that hunting must needs become a little more expensive to those who can afford to pay for their pleasure. The hunting farmer will not be affected, for he is not asked to pay. He gives the hunt the freedom of his land, and it is right that the courtesy should be acknowledged; but, without going far into figures, it may safely be suggested that there are very many thousands of people in these islands who regard hunting as the sport *par excellence*, and who can afford to pay well for their amusement. They will need to add to their expenses a larger contribution than they have paid hitherto to meet the reasonable claims of farmers and small-holders. It might even be possible for each hunt to keep something like a register of poultry-owners who stock good birds, and this would help to guard against imposition. That the poultry-run should be raided from time to time is well-nigh inevitable. Honesty may be the best policy, but it has yet to become a popular one, and it may be suggested without much fear of contradiction that poultry-owners have suffered more damage than they have inflicted. Many men complain that such compensation as they have received has been paid grudgingly—in fashion suggesting that no claim against a hunt can possibly be an honest one. In short, there is plenty of material for the M.F.H. Association to discuss, and it is to be hoped that as soon as the present season is at an end it will take the matter up in earnest. Nothing less than a liberal policy, well thought out and carefully carried through, can save the situation.

B.



PEOPLE WHO APPRECIATE
WELSBACH
KERN
GAS RADIATORS

The Housemaid.

An hour's hard work saved every morning. No empty grate to be cleaned and blacklead, no ashes to carry away, no fire to be relayed. The hearth still spotless after three or four hours of constant operation. The housemaid's appreciation of the Welsbach-Kern Gas Radiator is essentially practical.

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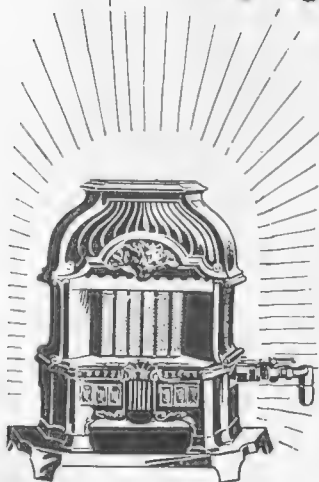
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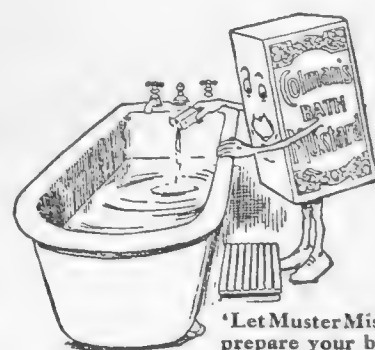
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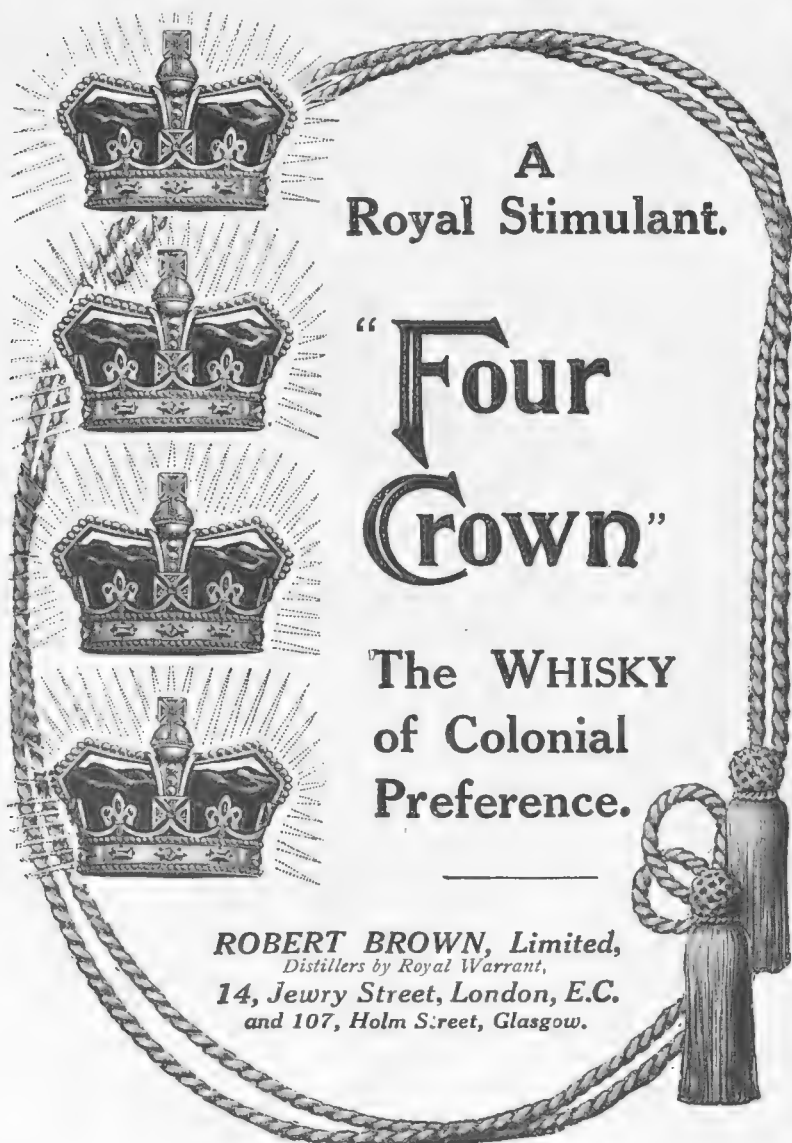
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The blood-vessels of the skin are in direct
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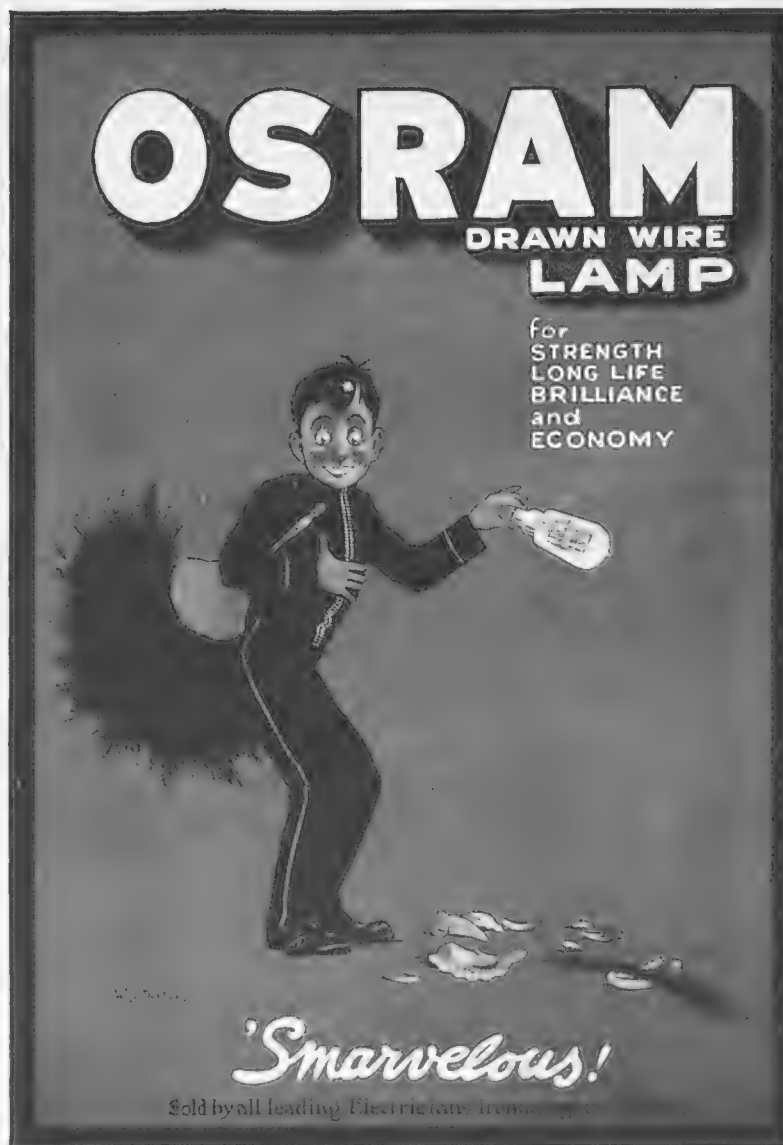


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BRIGHTENS ALL IT TOUCHES!
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4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table , fitted Drawers down each side in suite	6 15 0
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Costly Chesterfield Suite , comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Broché Silk	25 0 0
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Carved and Gilt 7-piece Louis XVI. Salon Set , comprising Settee, 2 Easy Chairs and 4 Small Chairs	9 9 0
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Fine Complete Collection of Satin Wood Drawing-Room Furniture , very beautifully Painted Medallions, comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escriptoires, etc. Impossible to describe, would suit Connoisseur.	
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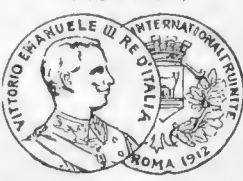
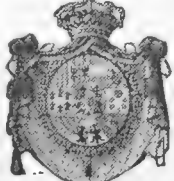
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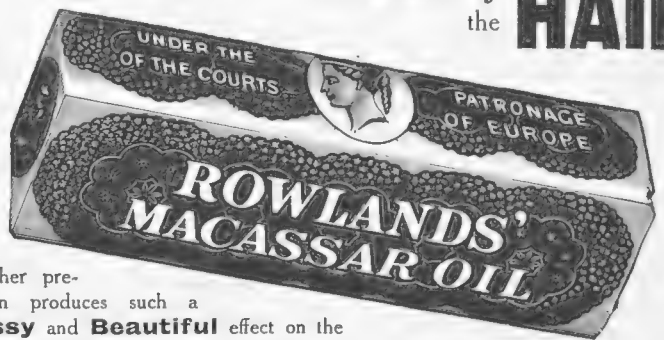
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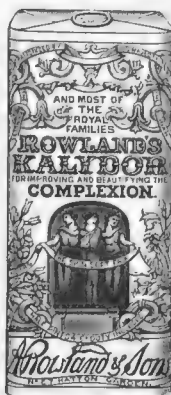
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The CALOX Reward

In teeth of pearly whiteness, in pink and healthy gums, in a breath as sweet as lilies, in a smile that does one good to see, the user of Calox, the Oxygen Tooth Powder, reaps the Calox reward.

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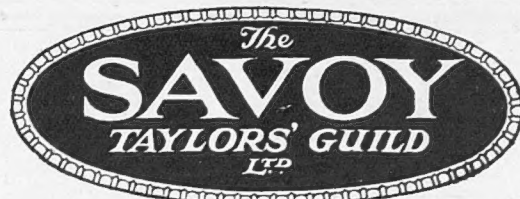
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A Toast for the New Year

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

To-night has been a great night. We have dined well; we have had a delightful evening at the Theatre, and we are enjoying a supper rich in its luxury and leisure. We shall not go home till morning, because, in the fashion, we have been given the added privilege of 'clubbing it,' and so our hearty, our cordial and our most grateful thanks are due to our host and hostess for an incomparably happy evening. I must, on behalf of all of us, congratulate them on their choice of entertainment. We laughed the whole evening, every minute was a delight; 'the stage production was a rich feast of colour'; 'pleasing to the eye; pleasing to the ear'; 'a cast crammed with popular favourites'; 'the fun was abundant, the music delicious'; 'the whole a joyous adventure spiced with love and sentiment'; 'it is a long time since London saw such a bright and charming Musical Comedy,' therefore, my dear Colonel, will you convey this toast to 'The Pearl Girl'? 'May her shadow never grow less, may all the pearl girls be as bright and bonnie when we come to town for the season, may Alfred Lester be still 'a messenger of joy,' and say, we shall proclaim aloud to all our friends that Mr. Courtneidge's Shaftesbury success 'is the brightest, gayest, wittiest and most wholly and perpetually galvanic musical comedy in town.'"



PETER ROBINSON'S

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The following are representative examples of the Bargains in

Tailor-made Costumes

The "BUCKINGHAM." Chic Tailor-made Costume in quite an advanced style, made in black-and-white checked wool velour. The coat is cut with the smart full back slightly gathered into low band, and is finished with either black or violet velvet. Exact as front and back illustrations shown. Coat lined satin merv.

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112 Model Tailor Suits in all the most fashionable materials, including peau de pêche, velour ratine, silk and wool poplins, etc., several suitable for Kiviera wear. Originally 8½ to 12 guineas.

All reduced to £5



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Irish Linen Manufacturers.

Winter Sale NOW PROCEEDING. Great Reductions

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BLOUSES
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No. 31. Smart Tailor-made Shirt, in good quality washing Silk.

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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

ARE EFFECTIVE,
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FACSIMILE OF LABEL.

For Very Bold Curls



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The GENUINE
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Wholesale only, H. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.,
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Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

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Gold Medal. Johann Maria Farina.

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"The Hat Shop."

BY MRS. C. S. PEEL.

(The Bodley Head.)

Mrs. Peel presents a complete guide to the business woman in "The Hat Shop." Here are ladies with birth and fortune, or birth and poverty, women born to poverty and toil, working in a cheerful, stimulating atmosphere of hope and interest. One sees the work-rooms in the attics and the work-girls busy on bandeaux and linings; one may explore the basement to follow the methods of book-keeping; the privilege of a demonstration in the creation of a *chef d'œuvre* is in the day's work, too; some delightful show-room scenes ripple with humour, and we see the hats carried into the best circles by their wearers. As a contrast she gives a poignant but a fair estimate of a vast crowd of English families. "There is no need for them to earn their living," say the parents of their daughters. "In the secret recesses of their minds those parents cherished the idea that their daughters would marry. But all the while they knew that the number of women in England exceeds the number of men." So their girls "come down to breakfast in neat, short skirts and blouses, they arrange the flowers, they do a little dusting or mending, they work sewing-machines and furbish up their clothes, read novels, play hockey, tennis, croquet, belong to pathetic little reading societies, and 'improve their minds,' help in the parish and decorate the church, and wait hoping against hope for the husband they will never wed, the children who will never be born." Mrs. Peel sees here and there one and another of these nice English girls leaving their homes to fulfil their appointed end of wife and mother. Then "more girls were born to be brought up in the same way." Some of these, attired in white embroidered frocks tied with pale ribbons, stray through her story. How much preferable the life of the business woman, with its anxieties, triumphs, and adventures, to the dull drying-up of the spinster with limited means! Those gay meals at a restaurant, or impromptu picnics in the office, the interesting, stimulating world, no longer a hard step-mother, because the relation

of child is not admitted, but a bracing possibility to be met, discussed, and experienced! The humanities thrive in it also, Mrs. Peel would have us believe. She pitches the key of her book to the motto on its title-page: "*Everyone—man and woman—should be obliged to earn his living and to earn it hardly for at least six months of his existence.*" She never tires of hinting what treasures of sympathy and understanding and consideration of others would flow from that experiment. They do, at all events, inform her own work, and make it a very human thing. The desires, the loves, and the needs of the varying classes are so alike fundamentally, so different in their apparent shades. Mrs. Peel's touch is tender on them whether it be in work-room or boudoir.

"Cake."

BY BOHUN LYNCH.

(John Murray.)

"You can eat your cake and have it" would seem to be the implication of the title. Mr. Lynch has collected a fantastic crowd and set them dancing queer jigs. Bohemian life in town, and manorial dignity in the country, take the floor, now in turns and now together. It is a bewildering maze, through which two parsons wander, symbolising good and evil. There is a certain humour in the suggestion of an ancient family, obsessed with their pedigree, that has nevertheless lost a barony on the road up the Family Tree and forgotten all about it. Humour lurks, too, in the malicious bequest made by a married intruder into this exclusive genealogy. His wife had died intestate, and on his death he took a pretty revenge in returning the family fortune to the family with his undesirable and quite plebeian name. Not otherwise. The family was poor and proud. Their cake looked like being severely limited. Would they shirk being poor—they must renounce being proud. But proverbs are tiresome I-told-you-so platitudes. And Mr. Lynch tells you quite otherwise with his barony up his sleeve. The head of the family would have scouted a peerage, as he quaintly asserts, but an ancient, dusty, forgotten barony is another story. It is Mr. Lynch's story, and its curiousness is made curiously, as Alice would say, by the author's enthusiasm for old oak and other antiques.

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